

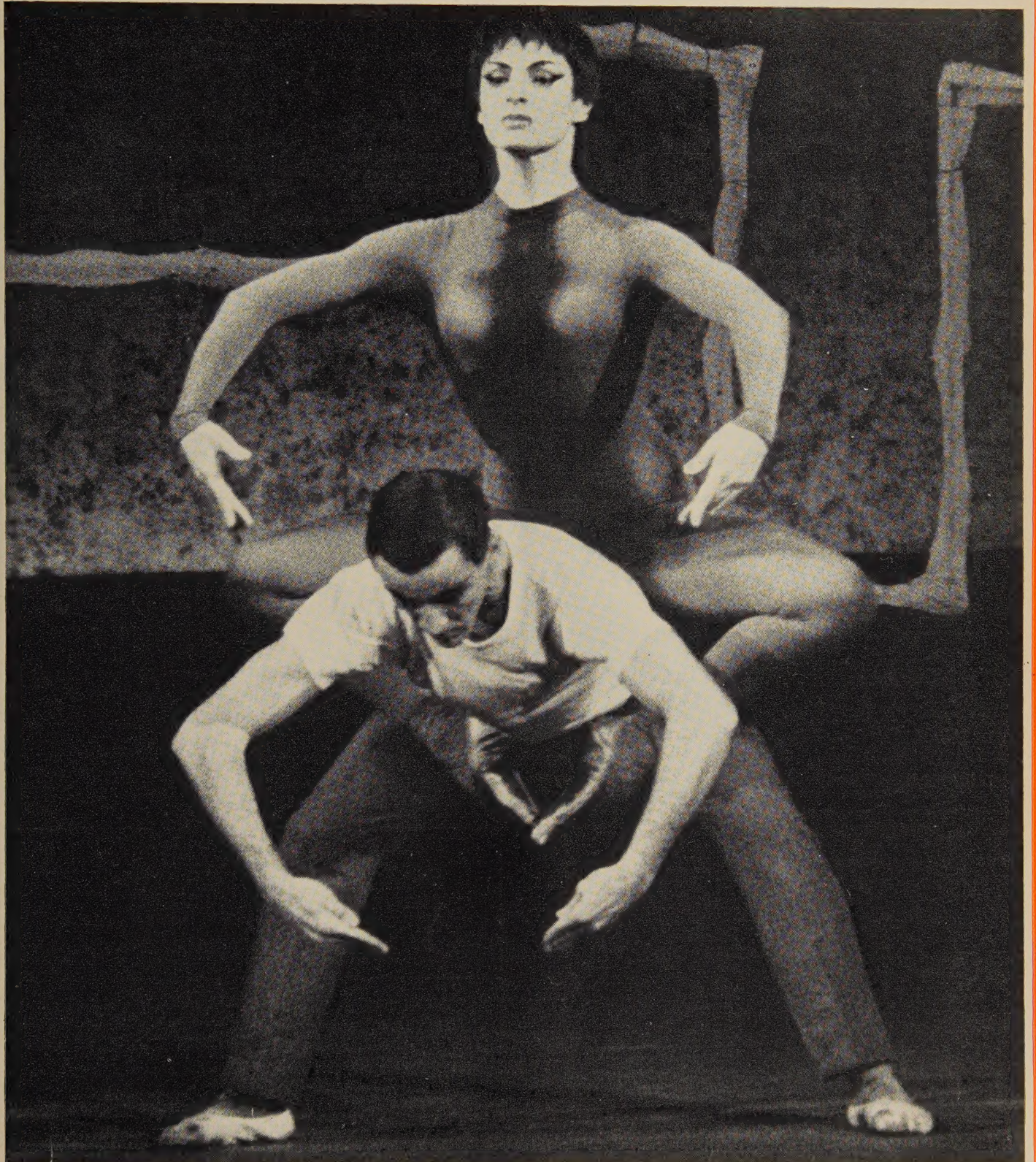
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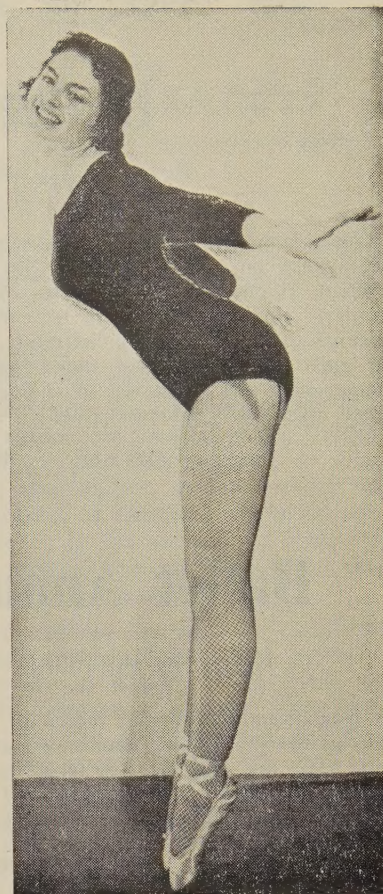
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Ballet 9

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This competition was a wonderful success and many hundreds of entries were received from dancers, teachers, balletomanes and others. The competitors were asked to choose the 12 dancers they would include in *Great Ballerinas of Today* — a new volume to be published shortly in the celebrated *Dancers of Today* series, and also to choose the 12 male dancers they would include in a companion volume to be published later this year.

No fully correct entries were received, but the competitor whose choice coincided most nearly with the Editor's named 20 out of the 24 dancers. Ten guineas' worth of books on ballet have therefore been despatched to:

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DANCE AND DANCERS



JANINE CHARRAT *In Les Algues*

JANINE CHARRAT is among the key figures of French ballet. She first came to international attention in the film *La Mort du Cygne*, as long ago as 1936. She was, we hasten to add, then only a child, but already she was an actress of unusual range and integrity. The number of infant prodigies who mature into adult prodigies is small, but Charrat has always tended more towards exceptions than rules.

She plays three rôles in ballet, and plays all of them remarkably well. Sometimes, however, one wonders whether she might not have been a better choreographer had she been a lesser dancer, or a better dancer had she been a lesser choreographer, and probably she would have been a better both had not a great deal of her attention been taken up by the administrative cares of directing her own company.

As a dancer England saw her first with Lifar's *Nouveau Ballet de Monte Carlo*, and later with both Petit's *Ballet de Paris* and her own company. A fine dramatic dancer — one might with inaccuracy but justice call her "the French Nora Kaye" — she has been seen at her best in some of her own ballets, such as *Les Algues* or *Le Massacre des Amazones*. It is a matter for regret that London has never seen her portrayal of *Giselle*, for which she is noted.

Her first choreography to be seen in London was *Jeu de Cartes*, in which Babilée gave his celebrated performance of the Joker in 1946. The ballet itself, choreographically greatly influenced by Lifar, was not nearly so good as Babilée made it appear, and Charrat's genuine originality as a choreographer did not emerge until later, with *Adame Miroir*, and the neo-classical *Theme and Variations*, both created for Petit in 1949. In 1953 Charrat produced her most considerable work so far, *Les Algues*.

Like all contemporary French choreographers, Charrat has been strongly influenced by Serge Lifar. However, she has let her own sensibility and sense of dramatic fitness override this influence, and so far as expressive dance is concerned she is very possibly the only French choreographer who could be called post-Fokinian. She also shows much more regard for music than the majority of her colleagues, and as a consequence has evolved a choreographic style more in accordance with *le goût Anglais*.

May, 1960

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS Associate Editor: CLIVE BARNES
Assistant Editor: E. C. Mason.

WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

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The Sting in Spring

THIS is the Spring of the year, the time when new life burgeons again. It is a time for tending young shoots so that they grow in the way we think is best, so that they can make their full contribution to the wonder of this planet and the betterment of mankind. In ballet, as in all other forms of life, it is the same — a time of creation. Bearing all this in mind this particular issue has been more or less given over to creation.

Over the past two years, Spring has been heralded by what we hope will become an annual custom — namely the young shoots of the Royal Ballet, in the form of the Royal Ballet School, performing a work upon the Covent Garden stage so that the general public can see what progress these tender young plants are making. With what anticipation does the Opera House echo to juvenile chatter, to harrassed teachers trying to gather their flocks together, to doting parents singing praises of their ewe lambs about to perform, to flustered nannies vainly trying to answer the balletic questions of their charges. They all get seated, they open their programmes and, as they do so, a sheaf of literature comes tumbling out. What is this? No, it couldn't be — an appeal? But, oh yes, it is. An appeal for donations to the Endowment Fund of the Royal Ballet School (all prepared with forms and even an addressed envelope) which it appears is financially in low water. Does it mean that the students about to appear are doing so on public charity? It seems that they are, and the guilt rather comes off the gingerbread of the performance. Just when we thought that the State was providing adequately for this admirable organisation it is a bit galling to realise that the Arts Council annual grant is solely to meet capital outlay and that apart from fees there is no source of revenue to meet ever-rising costs.

As it has now been proved that the survival of a company lies in its school it would seem that as far as the Royal Ballet is concerned the distribution of grants is a bit top-heavy. Has it become a too Byzantine organisation? Is it not possible to save a bit at the top, for instance by spending less on ferrying stars across the globe, and directing it to the base, the very foundation which is the school? Of course everyone should support this appeal because the Royal Ballet is something we love, believe in and are grateful for. But there seems certain cause for alarm that we should have to do so.

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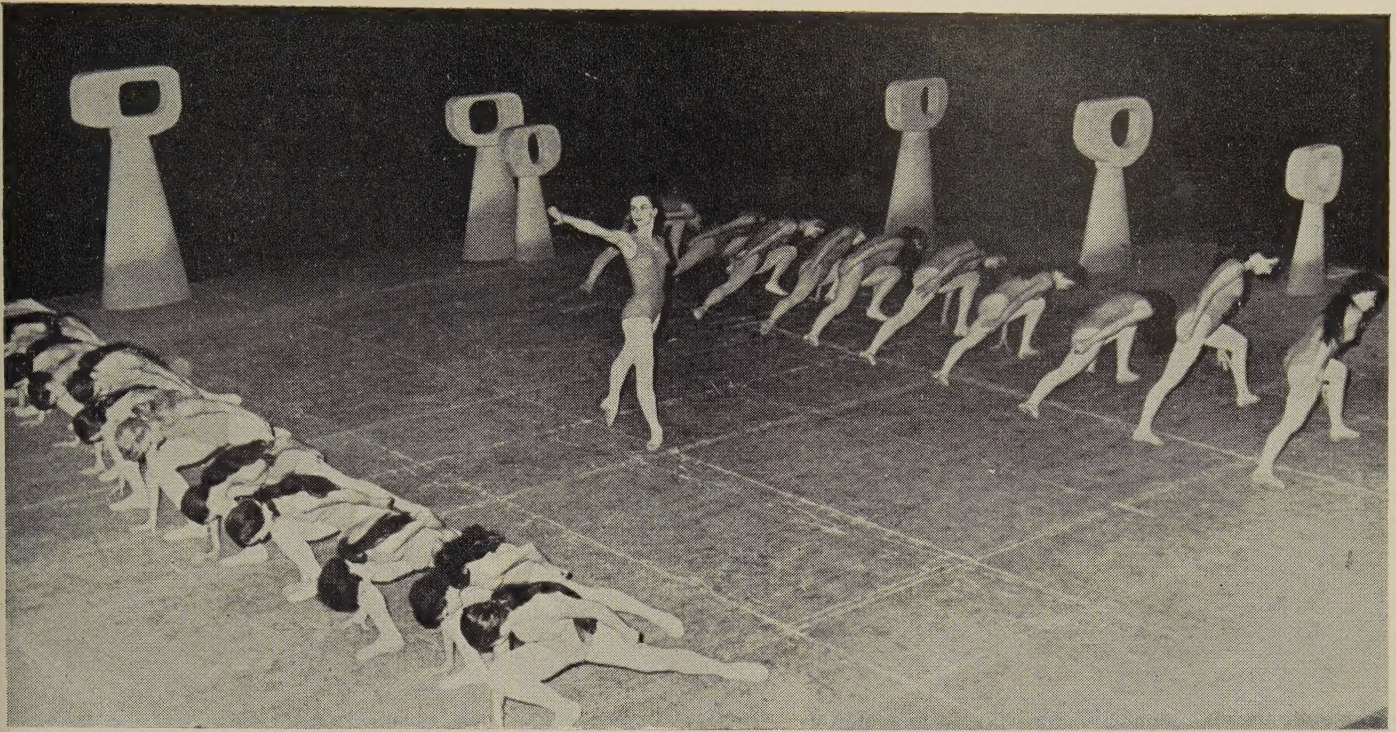
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DANCE AND DANCERS



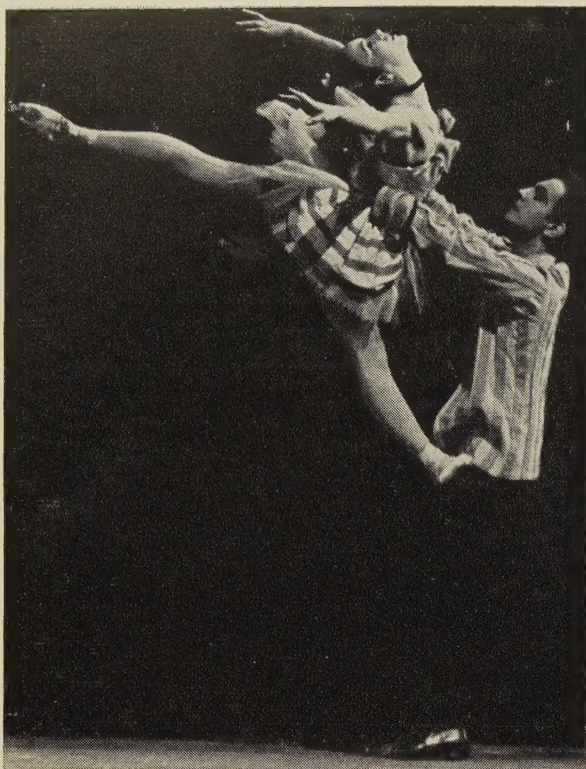
LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS: Tania Bari with the corps de ballet of the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, the Company of Maurice Béjart and Western Theatre Ballet, in Béjart's version of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*.

Constellation at the Wells

Four companies and their stars combine for a week's season at Sadler's Wells Theatre on April 18. They are the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, the Ballet of Maurice Béjart, Western Theatre Ballet and the ballet company of Janine Charrat. The two major works, both new to Britain, are Béjart's *Le Sacre du Printemps* and *Orphée*. Among the revivals are Charrat's beautiful work, *Les Algues*, and Béjart's *La Symphonie pour un Homme Seul*, two of the first ballets ever to use *Musique Concrète*.

ORPHEE: Béjart and the corps de ballet in his three-act work based on the Orpheus legend which uses *Musique Concrète* by Pierre Henrv. This highly dramatic work has eight scenes and costumes designed by the German painter, Rudolf Kühner.





A SUNDAY ON THE RIVER: Two studies of Georgina Parkinson and Derek Rencher in the pas de deux from the third scene in the revival of Roland Petit's ballet.
Photo: Houston Rogers.

REVIVAL AT COVENT GARDEN

Ballabile

First given at the Royal Opera House Covent Garden on May 5, 1950. Revived on March 5, 1960. Ballet with choreography by Roland Petit. Music by Emmanuel Chabrier arranged by Constant Lambert. Designed by Antoni Clavé.

CAST

ANNETTE PAGE
RONALD HYND
JOHN SALE
NOREEN SOPWITH

MERLE PARK
SHIRLEY GRAHAME
DOREEN WELLS
KEITH ROSSON
CLOVER ROOPE

ALEXANDER GRANT
BRYAN LAWRENCE
LAWRENCE RUFFELL
MAVIS OSBORN

Patricia Thorogood, Hylda Zinkin, Ann Howard, Christine Beckley, Jacqueline Daryl, Monica Mason, Vyvyan Lorrayne, Maurice Metliss, Douglas Stuart, Ronald Plaisted, Lambert Cox, Christopher Newton, Petrus Bosman, Richard Farley, Keith Milland.

SCENES: The Dancers Prepare for the Ballet

A Classroom
A Sunday on the River
A Street in the Rain
The Circus on the Green
Impressions of Spain

CHOREOGRAPHY

SEEING the revival of *Ballabile* at Covent Garden the other week, I was suddenly conscious, with one of those nasty little shivers of mortality, that all of us who once attended its first night were already ten years older. It really was a very short ten years!

At the end of last year a friend came out of the full-length *Cyrano de Bergerac* at the Adelphi Theatre, and paused to ask me: "I wonder whatever happened to Roland Petit?" In 1950 it had seemed only too obvious what was happening to "the greatest French choreographer since Petipa" (Okay, you tell me — who else?). After early successes, *Les Forains*, etc., he had formed his own company, Jeanmaire,

etc., and with *Carmen* behind him, Petit seemed to have everything before him. Here he was the first — and looking back nearly the last — foreign choreographer ever to be invited to produce a completely new work for the British national ballet. It was a straw in the wind indicative of the international acclaim in which he was being held and perhaps also of the renown that seemed to be awaiting him.

The idea for *Ballabile* was basically a good one. It was to be for just twelve dancers, all of them either soloists or *corps de ballet*, and its six scenes — each of them almost a miniature ballet in itself — were given no linking continuity other than their Chabrier music and the cast, who performed an exhausting quick-change mara-

thon throughout the whole work.

Petit (and I have always felt this) is the most inspired artistic director in the whole ballet business; he chooses his collaborators with almost unerring taste, and then manages to weld them into a team capable of producing an effect of artistic unity only too rare in the post-Diaghilev ballet theatre. Although *Ballabile* is a minor work, it reveals these qualities as much as any others in the Petit canon. Clavé's designs and Chabrier's music made an unexpectedly effective combination, which despite all its choreographic shortcomings, still leaves the ballet with a characteristic air of distinction common in Petit but possessing an unusual piquancy in the Royal Ballet repertory.

In his selection of the Chabrier music, Petit was assisted by Constant Lambert, who was also responsible for the orchestration of such pieces as needed it.

The ballet opens with dancers in class, and Petit here includes some simple touches of burlesque such as a comic pastiche of the *Swan Lake pas de quatre*, the whole scene, using a Lambert orchestration of the *Three Romantic Waltzes* for two pianos. In the next scene, sub-titled *A Sunday on the River*, danced to *Aux Bois* from Chabrier's *Suite Pastorale*, the mood changes as Petit evokes young love seen through the sultry haze of a summer day.

The third scene, *A Street in the Rain*, glorifies one of those comic funerals apparently so dear to the heart of French films. A young man with a large black umbrella and a young widow with a very small purple one, indulge in a quaint but athletic flirtation to the music of *Bourrée Fantasque*, while odd mourners stalk through the scene bearing flamboyantly wilting wreaths. These damp lovers and their lugubrious entourage have no sooner departed than a *dame* very *fatale* enters in search. Eventually, in fact quite soon, she comes across a young man with a semi-detached expression who is out on a

solitary hike. At first he seems strangely impervious to her agreeably straightforward caresses, but even his Boy Scout's honour goes the way of all flesh in time for the final, clinching black-out.

The next scene, set to the *Marche Joyeuse*, represents *The Circus on the Green*, and has clowns, pierrots, equestrienne, ring-master, etc., doing a very fast Barnum and Bailey act round the stage, in what are apparently ever-decreasing circles. For the last scene, *Impressions of Spain*, Petit takes his dancers and then leaves them almost high and dry making valiant efforts to keep up with the oh-so-Spanish! rhythms of the composer's *España*. It need come as a surprise to no one that when the music eventually stops, the entire cast falls down flat in a dead faint.

As in so many Petit works, *Ballabile* has enough ideas and imagination to make three or four good ballets, yet not enough genuine choreographic invention to fill out one. After giving every sign of taking considerable care in the selection of his music, Petit appears to have gone along to rehearsals equipped with an ample supply of earplugs, which enabled him for most of the time not only to ignore the music's atmosphere, but also sometimes even to miss its rhythm. As a result, by the end of the ballet the choreography and the music have hardly managed to scratch up even a nodding acquaintanceship.

During long passages of the ballet, Petit's choreographic inspiration is merely ticking over at this level of deaf competence, while unimaginative phrases of classical dancing

are interspersed with tasteful reminiscences of earlier ballets; a touch of Balanchine here, of Massine there and of Ashton somewhere else, give the work a somewhat eclectic air. At other times, however, Petit does produce moments of originality and wit, in the classroom scene, and even more particularly in the umbrella dances of the third scene.

It sometimes seems that even the very worst French films possess a certain atmosphere, and much the same is true of French ballet. Certainly Petit here leans heavily on the designs and the music, yet he nevertheless still catches the right crazy nuance for that René Clair-style funeral and does much to establish an appropriately impressionistic *chaleur* for the riparian amours of that frightfully Continental Sunday. Despite these stray felicities it is an unrewarding ballet, demanding a maximum of effort in return for a minimum of effect, and if it were not for Clavé's décor and costumes, one would be surprised at its reappearance in the repertory.

DANCING

IF a thing is really worth doing it is perhaps worth doing badly, yet a ballet like *Ballabile* is only worth doing well. At the revival's first performance on the afternoon of March 5, the dancing looked as crisp as a disintegrating blancmange. Even though the dancers were presumably given little more help from the conductor Emmanuel Young than was the orchestra, this cannot entirely excuse their all too general air of middle-aged lassitude. The boys were the

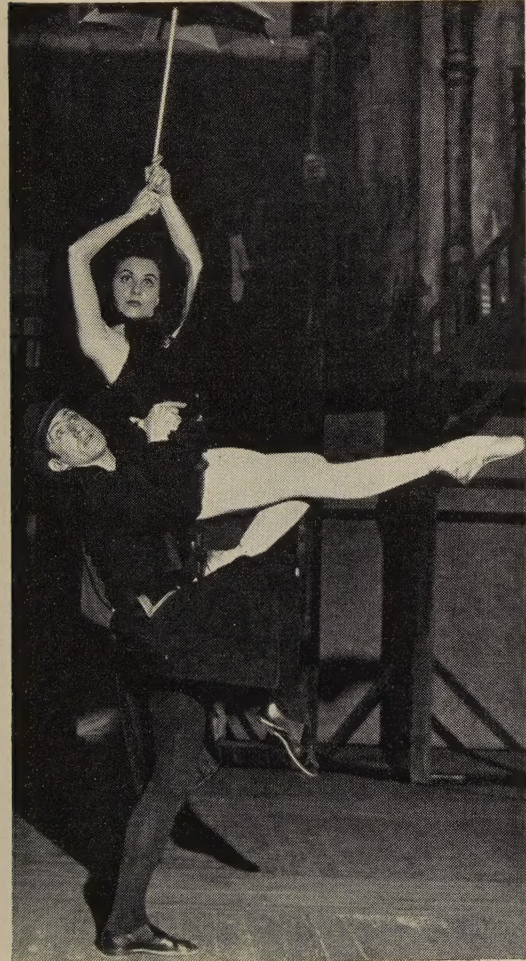
worst offenders, and this was the more disappointing since we now have the best group of male dancers British ballet has ever possessed.

Once upon a time the entire work was given by just twelve dancers, who threw themselves into it with a desperate energy, but since Parkinson's Law has been applied to the casting and the work of these pioneering twelve cut up and divided among a feather-bedded twenty-eight, not only has the ballet lost much of its original point, it is also not nearly so well danced.

Fortunately the principals stood out from among the general flabbiness surrounding them, and all contrived to give good performances. Alexander Grant — who still, incidentally, dances 95 per cent of his original rôle — is the solitary survivor from the ballet's first performance, and now seems better than ever. Lechery incarnate, he careers through the ballet leering lewdly at everything in sight, and dancing with an unmatchably grotesque abandon. He has found a worthy rain-swept partner in Merle Park, who simpered and giggled with zestful relish.

Annette Page danced appealingly in the former Elvin rôle, even though there was an indefinable Englishness to her French accent. Ronald Hynd, partnering her, looked right but appeared somewhat remote and disengaged from the high-jinks surrounding him. On most counts the alternative pair of principals — Georgina Parkinson and Derek Rencher, who appeared on March 11 — were the more suitable. Parkinson missed the flamboyant assurance

FUNERAL AND CIRCUS: Left, Alexander Grant and Merle Park in the funeral from *A Street in the Rain*. Right, Bryan Lawrence, Shirley Grahame and John Sale in the pas de trois from *The Circus on the Green*. Photo: Houston Rogers.





FIESTA: Two scenes from "Impressions of Spain", the final scene in the ballet. Left, some of the corps de ballet. Right, Alexander Grant and Annette Page.
Photo: Houston Rogers.

needed for the classroom solo, yet elsewhere her dark and sultry beauty made her perhaps the most fitting successor yet found to Elvin. Rencher partnered her extremely well, and together they gave the riverside *pas de deux* an air of real enchantment.

Clive Barnes.

DECOR

IT was said, probably without any truth whatsoever, that during the dress rehearsals of the original production of *Ballabile*, Dame Ninette de Valois would slip down quietly when everyone was away at luncheon and remove just one more boat and one more bicycle from Clavé's settings. What the tellers of this tale never related was how exactly she got them away. Did she pedal the bicycles away down Bow Street, did she hurl the boats into the Thames over nearby Waterloo Bridge? If she really did any of these things, she certainly had not done enough by the ballet's first performance on May 5, 1950, because, if I remember rightly, I accused Clavé of having become too involved in the school of clutteration.

That was then and it was an accusation brought about by comparison with his previous works at a time when he was at his height as a ballet designer. Then we had an admiration, bordering on idolatry, for his Spanish vistas — in the atmospheric *Los Caprichos* and that sizzling *Carmen*. I then thought him one of the most exciting designers of the post-war years — and I still do. That he has announced his total retreat from ballet designing so that he can concentrate on painting is a tragedy — for ballet.

I think my concern about his brief nod in the direction of clutteration was more about what it would lead to rather than anything else. I pictured a future in which every designer of no taste would pile the stage with objects in an attempt at hiding a lack of basic designing talent and my fear was well founded. The past ten years have shown us stages which resembled nothing so much as a King's Road junk shop or a Portobello Road market stall.

Quite the reverse has happened to the *Ballabile* sets in the intervening years, and there must have been much pedalling and

rowing away because now, in the riverside scene, there are only two bicycles and, as far as I could see, one boat.

What is remarkable about the designing of this work is that it has not dated at all and it looks as fresh and stimulating as ever. And this could also be said of *Carmen*, which has been seen again fairly recently. All of which proves that Clavé was a master-designer and not just one of those chic painter/designers that Paris is so apt to materialise for us so charmingly and so regularly and who are apt to dematerialise with equal dexterity. The secret of this permanence is that first and foremost Clavé is a splendid and serious painter. Just look back on all the greatest ballet designs since Diaghilev first came to Europe and you will find that the only lasting ones have been done by people who were primarily painters — Benois, Bakst, Picasso, Braque, Tchelitchev and so on.

On the face of it, the six scenes would appear to be far too elaborate for such a slender entertainment as *Ballabile* undoubtedly is, yet look closely and you will see that not only are they not really elaborate at all, but they all fill the stage nicely so that the small cast is not swamped by opera house dimensions. Scene follows scene without pause and although the changes appear to be very thorough, they are in fact simply brought about by a few cloths being dropped in and flown away, and by skilful lighting. From the comic Dégas class and *barre* of the opening to the riverside scene in which some impressionistic arboreal suggestions on a cut-cloth are dropped in and the whole mood is changed in a trice. In a very extraordinary way Clavé in this scene conjures up the mystery and sexiness of a warm Sunday evening by any river anywhere, yet apart from somebody with a fishing rod and a grounded boat there is nothing else to indicate that water is flowing between two banks.

The "constructivist" nature of the designing is more clearly revealed in the "Street in the Rain" which follows. The poles and windows of the back-piece and wings set the mind wandering up dark stairways and into unfamiliar rooms, yet in fact there is hardly a "realistic" piece of designing in the whole

work. This scene is all very grey and although no rain-machine actually gets working it is almost possible to see the pools forming in streets whose gutters are overflowing.

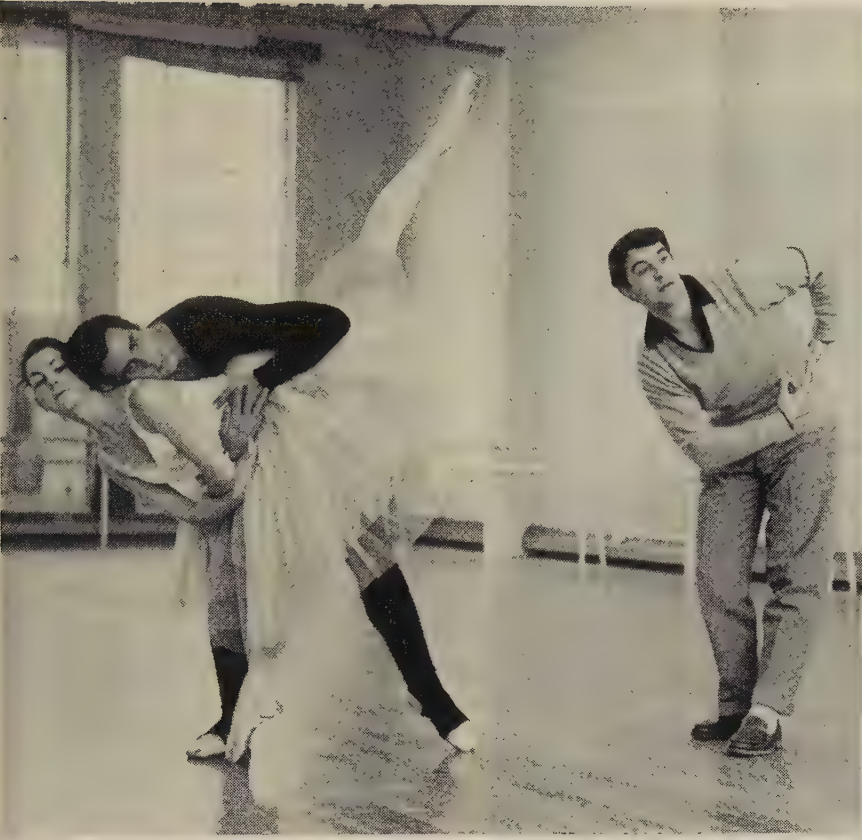
Immediately following this scene, three huge strips of dull orange material are lowered and, lo! and behold! it's a circus tent. Finally everything is whisked away from the main structures, the sky-cloth goes blue and there we are in Spain.

I think the difference between Clavé and most stage designers is that there is always an awareness of distance and "other happenings" in his settings. With most designers there is a feeling that life only takes place on that part of the stage which can be seen by the audience and not even their use of false perspective really convinces anybody that life continues behind the backcloth. Clavé has a trick of placing irrelevant objects and lights in places that have no particular bearing on the action though they do on the general composition. In this way he obviates any sense of restriction, and I feel that he could somehow give immense distance to a stage even as small as, say, the Mercury Theatre.

His costumes are really very simple in shape — variations on the tutu, some long and some short, for the girls, while the men all wear "Frères Jacques" black tights and just ring the changes by putting on different coats or hats. It is this that gives the whole work the feeling of being a divinely elaborate charade. But however impromptu this all may appear the use of colour is skilful and subtle heightened by occasional touches — some purple here, a splash of orange there, green or turquoise in other places and so on and he manages to give what could be rather dingy surroundings a feeling of great richness.

If for these designs alone, the ballet is worth perpetuating, and who knows, perhaps one day Roland Petit might achieve a better ballet to go in them. If we let *Ballabile* go we shall have eternal cause for regrets as we still mourn the loss of Derain's designs for *L'Epreuve d'Amour* and Bérard's for *Clock Symphony*.

Peter Williams.

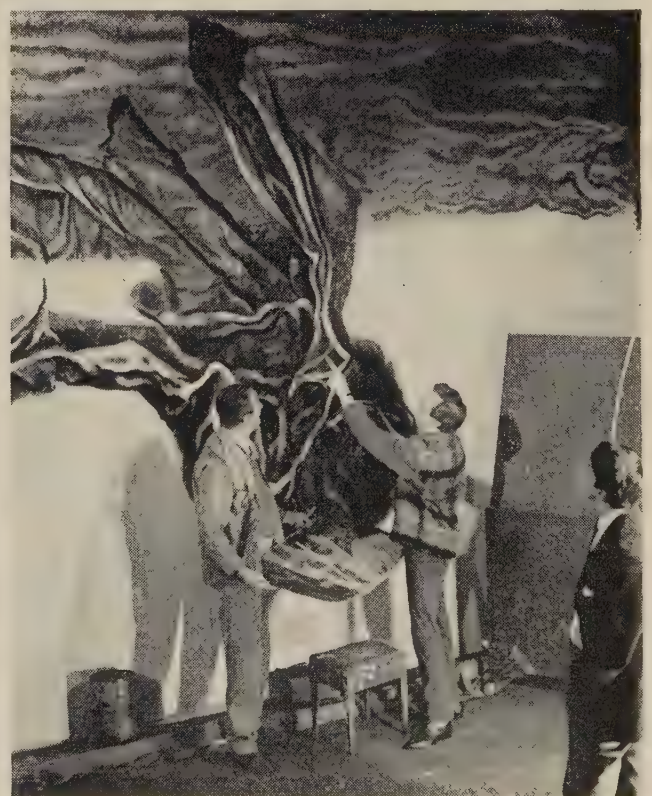


COVENT GARDEN PREVIEW

Preparing *Le Baiser de la Fée*

Photographed by **DOMINIC**

*Four pictures showing the preparations for Kenneth MacMillan's production of Stravinsky's *Le Baiser de la Fée*, which was first given at Covent Garden on April 12. Above left: MacMillan rehearsing Lynn Seymour, as the Bride, and Donald MacLeary as the Bridegroom. Above right: Svetlana Beriosova, as the Fairy, with MacLeary. Below left: MacMillan and designer Kenneth Rowell supervising a fitting of Lynn Seymour's costume. Below right: MacMillan and Rowell looking at the set being painted.*



Western Radha meets Eastern Krishna



EAST-WEST IN LOVE POEM: Two studies, on this and the opposite page, of Alicia Markova as Radha and Ram Gopal as Krishna in their dance, Radha-Krishna, which was the highlight of the season at the Princes Theatre. Photos: Mike Davis.

JUST as the London summer of 1939 was about to break up (in those pre-war days summer, in late July, August and early September, existed only outside the big cities), Ram Gopal appeared at the Aldwych Theatre. Some years before that we had seen Uday Shankar and applauded him at the Comedy Theatre, and that was really all that most Londoners knew of Indian dancing. Ram, then a slip of a boy and very beautiful, had already been acclaimed in New York and Paris, and these appearances, together with those in his native India, had contributed to the reputation that preceded his first London performances. We were in no way let down because his varied art was beautifully produced, lit and dressed. To the fading 'thirties, about to be obliterated in a second world conflagration, he brought an exotic apotheosis. In fact exoticism of this kind had hardly been seen in London since the Bakst/Fokine Oriental period of the early Diaghilev Ballet, and Ram was not forgotten, by those who saw

him, even during the six years of international unpleasantness that followed.

His first public appearance in England after the war was, if I remember rightly, in daylight in the Indian section of the Victoria and Albert Museum where he danced with a small group surrounded by sculptures which were part of an exhibition. And from then until this day, Ram has talked, written and danced in his striving to make the insular British understand the intricacies of the four main schools of classical Indian dance — Bharata Natya (Dances of the Tajore temples of South India), Kathakali (the dance dramas of Malabar), Kathak (from North India) and Manipuri (from Manipur and Assam). He has demonstrated the basic postures of all four schools, the *Rasas* (or moods), the *Mudras* (or hand movements), until we have become quite adept at recognising elephants walking in the jungle, Lord Siva on a mountain top or bees entering the flower of a lotus. In lecture demonstrations, with small

Alicia Markova danced with Ram Gopal during his season of Indian dance at Princes Theatre, London, which opened on 7 March.

by **PETER WILLIAMS**

groups, with large groups, in a spectacular full-evening production about the Legend of the Taj Mahal, Ram has carried his great and ancient art to the peoples of this world. In fact few artists have done more to explain the particular characteristics of their native dance to so many people, not initially very interested, but who later became both interested and comparatively knowledgeable.

It has now been several years since Ram Gopal was seen in a West End London theatre, and the announcement that Alicia Markova would dance with him during his Princes Theatre season, opening on March 7, added a touch of piquancy to the whole proceedings. Not so piquant really when you remember that Pavlova danced with the then unknown Uday Shankar and that Markova herself had gone suitably Oriental in a dance she devised for herself in Bizet's opera *The Pearl Fishers* at Drury Lane a few years ago. On the other hand the situation was not quite the same because Pavlova's Indian numbers were given as contrast in a programme of her other dances whose origin was decidedly occidental, and in this case Markova, a purely Russian-trained ballerina, had to compete with purely Indian-trained dancers in a purely Indian programme. On the face of it it would seem that Markova had set herself a task bound to bring a heap of criticism upon herself from the Indian purists. In fact she came out of the ordeal with flying colours and proved, just once again, that a sound basic classical training makes you fit for almost any school of dance, this together with the innate sense of style acquired from teachers such as Seraphine Astafieva or companies such as Diaghilev once instigated for the artistic benefit of the whole human race. Really silly of us to have a moment's doubt.

On the banks of the River Jumna, Markova/Radha prepares herself for the coming of the Blue God, Krishna/Gopal; symbolising, according to the programme, "Life on the margin of Eternity". Looking very beautiful and remarkably like an 18th-century Mogul painting, Markova's hands flutter like butterflies as she anoints herself with paste and decks herself with jewels in preparation for this divine visitation. Purists may declare that her fingers, in these gestures of imagination, were an eighth of an inch away from the correct *mudras* of classical sign language. On the other hand they were infinitely expressive and nobody could have been in any shadow of doubt as to what she was doing, which is, after all, what sign language is all about. Great indeed is the artist who can convey so much from a sitting posture.

Apart from the beautiful costume, based presumably by Madame Manya on the costume which Anna Pavlova wore when she appeared with Shankar, Markova's face was so right. And here is the time to turn away from the Princes Theatre and momentarily consider this feature of this particular great dancer. No ballerina of today has a face more closely akin to our general conception of a ballerina's face than

has Markova. Placed amongst the twenty great beauties of the world it might not rate very high, yet it is of such fine and delicate structure that it takes on to itself an aura of ageless beauty. What is more, it can take on the national character of any of the dances she performs — Spanish in *Bolero 1830* and in *Don Quixote*, French in *Bar aux Folies Bergère*, Viennese in *The Merry Widow* or *Die Fledermaus*, Russian in so many Maryinsky classics — and now Indian. It can be subtly gay and witty or it can become unaffectedly tragic. The long rather narrow eyes, the modelling of her medium-height cheek-bones, the nose of character and the slender oval of her face all form the basis of her various metamorphoses. Yet in spite of the fact that her face can take on these various characters, she still remains unmistakably Markova.

Now back to the Princes Theatre where Markova/Radha awaits the blue god Krishna in the person of Ram Gopal. He appears playing on his flute with a mischievous expression on his face. He dances, she is rather coy but is eventually persuaded to join him and they move together in ecstasy — “Life mingling with its divine essence” the programme tells us — until they leave together presumably to Eternity.

It was altogether charming and given with sincerity and style by both artists, who seemed to inspire each other. It was a pity, I felt, that Markova could not have appeared in more numbers to inspire Ram Gopal because as regards to production and presentation there was a great deal that seemed decidedly slipshod.

One very disconcerting feature of the performance was that the members of the “Group” were nameless and of all the performers only Markova and Ram Gopal were ever mentioned in the programme. True many of them were not very memorable, on the other hand most of us would have liked to know who they were for future reference. For instance, I recognised Anura, an energetic and bouncy boy who danced a Kandyan dance and also a dance with a drum, from previous programmes. Then there was an *Alarippu* beautifully danced by a young boy and girl whom I later discovered to be called Praful Patel and Vibha Naik. He most certainly has all the makings of Ram Gopal's successor when such a person is needed, being strikingly handsome with a fine figure and a very clean style. These two, apart from the two named stars of the programme, provided by far the most invigorating moments of the whole evening.

Ram is otherwise at his best in the two Kathakali numbers in which a commentator explains the *mudras* as Ram demonstrates them, later finishing up by dancing the whole excerpt straight through without any oral aid. Unfortunately these excerpts lacked some of the dignity they should have had owing to the commentator, a beautiful girl in an off-the-shoulder and hobble-skirted gold creation with an elaborate hair-do dripping with jewels, enunciating her lines as though she were declaiming prose to display her RADA training for a bunch of Hottentots. She tittuped across the stage on high stiletto heels and as she enunciated, it could hardly be said that she “spoke”, she indulged in a few *mudras* on her own account which detracted considerably from the very genuine ones of Ram Gopal. She would have been grist to the mill of a Hermione Gingold revue in the days when those sublime entertainments were biting satires on almost every human foible.

Otherwise the evening ran the usual gamut of folk and classical dance — a suite

of Kandyan dances such as are given at a Perehera, dances from the Tanjore temples, two groups of folk dances, musical interludes, the Kathak scene from the *Legend of the Taj Mahal*, and Ram Gopal in his famous solo as Lord Siva contemplating the universe from the heights of the Himalayas as the sun sets. All these numbers were propelled on to the stage, the general sluggishness of the presentation forbids the use of the word “hurled”, in a rather hazardous way.

I believe that most of the “Group” came from the members of the Asian Music Circle, whom Ram has given a great deal of his time to training. This presumably puts them in the class of amateurs and, taking this into consideration, they put up a passable show. But I am less inclined to make excuses for amateurs when I remember that this status was held by all the artists appearing in the Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company, whose recent appearance at the Palace Theatre provided one of the most professional dance spectacles that London has seen. Ram has trained his dancers well but apart from those already mentioned they were hardly in the class to appear on a London stage in solo numbers. It would have been far better if they had

been given simpler things to do, appeared in well-arranged and well-produced group numbers and, in fact, copied the form of presentation that the Philippines have so successfully mastered. When there is such a wealth of dance material, as there undoubtedly is in India, it seems a pity that no producer has yet been found to present all this richness in a manner that shows it up for what it is — the most beautiful and exotic storehouse of dance material known to any country in the world today. I do not think that anyone presenting ethnic dance and folklore in the theatre can possibly afford not to learn and re-learn the lessons taught us by the aforementioned Philippines, the Georgians or, in contrast, Jerome Robbins' Ballets: U.S.A. It is no longer what you have to say that counts so much as the way in which you say it. Ram has centuries of tradition from which to cull things to say, but if he is to continue his magnificent work in bringing it all to the occident, he must devise a more exciting and professional way of saying it. All this may take time, it need not necessarily take money, but the Orient, in its wisdom, has always been famous for its slow and deliberate consideration of what is to happen next.



Seen from all sides

IS THERE A FUTURE FOR BALLET-IN-THE-ROUND?

On March 14, 1960, Norman Dixon's Ballet Venture 1960 opened a season of ballet-in-the-round at the Pembroke Theatre, Croydon. PETER WILLIAMS and CLIVE BARNES answer six questions put to them about this season, its achievements, its faults and its possibilities.

1. How new is ballet-in-the-round and how does it differ from drama-in-the-round?

P.W.: Although it is absurd to make sweeping statements because there is always somebody who can prove how wrong you are, I should imagine that the earliest dancing known to man was in-the-round — probably on some Cretan threshing floor. Whether this constituted *ballet* I wouldn't know, as, unlike some writers of today, I wasn't there. But the first time that ballet took on any form even remotely like what we know today was at Tortona in 1489, during the feast to celebrate the marriage of the Duke of Milan to Isabella of Aragon, and that was given in circumstances something similar to in-the-round. Most of the fêtes and masques given in the Courts of Europe during the ensuing centuries appear to have been given in this way in that although there was occasionally a stage at one end of the hall, the dancers came down on to the floor and were surrounded on at least three sides. Recently Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo gave some performances in-the-round in New York, and I seem to remember that Colonel de Basil's company appeared in bull-rings and such-like places.

It certainly differs from drama-in-the-round in that most classical ballet is taught and geared to be seen from the front only. Most classical steps, attitudes and arabesques, for instance, which can look lovely from the front, will take on a very different and very muddled aspect when seen from other positions. Drama has never known these restrictions being, as it is, mainly oral, and also the fact that it is so much more static makes it possible, with intelligent production, to be seen from all sides. For instance the very earliest known Greek dramas lose nothing, they even gain, by being given in this way because that was almost the way in which they were originally conceived and presented. It is only those dramas created after the introduction of the proscenium arch which are bound to suffer in-the-round unless they are entirely re-thought and re-presented in an intelligent way.

C.B.: There is nothing, well almost nothing, new under the sun. Ballet and dancing were "in-the-round" right from their prehistoric roots up to comparatively recent times, when they became wedged into a theatre like a round peg in a square hole. Even in recent years both in England and America we have seen arena ballet, which is something approaching ballet-in-the-round at a telescopic range, while in America there have been a few experiments in presenting four-sided ballet in a manner similar in intimacy to the ordinary theatre-in-the-round. However, so far as I know this season at the Pembroke Theatre was the first time that intimate ballet-in-the-round had been presented in this country.

It differs from drama-in-the-round in a number of respects, chiefly because ballet relies primarily on visual means to make its point, so sight-lines become more important, and the choreographer's task is obviously more difficult than that of a theatrical producer's. Also the actual tech-

nique and idiom of dancing are so different from acting — one being an art essentially of stylisation, the other of imitation. There is another problem for the dancer as opposed to the actor, which is caused not by it being in-the-round, but by the inevitable proximity of the audience, which calls for a greater degree of technical finish, and makes exacting demands upon his muscular and breath control.

2. Is ballet-in-the-round a good idea?

P.W.: I think that any way of presenting ballet to communities that have no theatre is a good idea and any different way of presenting ballet is interesting. On the other hand it would be quite foolish to imagine that works created to be seen framed by a proscenium arch can just be hurled into an arena. Their fate would be similar to that of the early Christian martyrs.

Apart from the benefits of this presentation already mentioned, the great feature of works in-the-round is that the audience becomes far more involved than in the ordinary theatre. This would seem to point to an entirely new approach to the dramatic ballet — and a very intelligent one it will have to be. At the moment the only person who I think could even start to tackle it is Martha Graham. Anything of this kind could obviously only be an offshoot of ballet, but I can imagine that it might have vastly interesting possibilities.

C.B.: Perhaps. It has been suggested that a company producing ballet-in-the-round might be better suited for playing in theatreless towns than a normal company relying on a proscenium arch. This, I submit, is far from certain. If you have to improvise a stage in a church hall or gymnasium, it does not seem any more difficult to set up an impromptu proscenium than it would be to arrange a suitable arena for dancing-in-the-round. In fact, unless you come across that very rare thing a square hall, the proscenium fit-up is probably going to be the more effective, and certainly the more familiar to an audience who are presumably being largely initiated into the art of ballet. I should also have thought that the practical difficulties of erecting a temporary stage of the conventional variety are no greater than the problem of providing the exits and entrances demanded by theatre-in-the-round.

Whether ballet-in-the-round can offer positive, as opposed to negative, virtues is a more open question. There is a particular urgency and immediacy to drama-in-the-round, which, on the face of it, could be advantageously transferred to ballet. Yet ballet is essentially a good deal more artificial in its idiom than the legitimate theatre, and even when it is at its most "realistic", that sense of involvement, which is theatre-in-the-round's greatest blessing, may not be possible. Furthermore, while it may be practicable to produce a ballet equally effective when seen from any of four sides, I must remain somewhat sceptical.

3. Did Ballet Ventures 1960 at the Pembroke Theatre show this idea to its best advantage?

P.W.: It certainly did not, but that does not mean that I don't applaud the bravery of the attempt. The trouble was that the season was one of expediency. Norman Dixon formed the group and the arena theatre in Croydon happened to be the place where he could show it. Most of the works given were originally created for Sunday Ballet Club at either Wyndham's or the Lyric Theatres, and had to be adapted to this different form of presentation. Only a genius could adapt ballets in this way and as yet Dixon has not had enough experience. But if you are going to start anything a start has to be made somewhere and here I feel he may have learned from the mistakes and possibly develop something of importance in the future.

C.B.: Emphatically no. In the first place I would not say that the Pembroke Theatre was a very good example of a theatre-in-the-round. The seats are not evenly distributed, and it is all too clearly a rectangular hall converted with some degree of ingenuity. The sight-lines are nearly as bad as Covent Garden's, and there are comparatively few seats which offer a completely trouble-free view of the entire performing area. In fairness, I imagine that this matters considerably less for drama than for ballet, and I have no wish to criticise Croydon's very courageous and enterprising theatrical experiment.

Secondly, Norman Dixon's company was not particularly well adapted to its circular circumstances. More than half of the repertory had been originally choreographed for conventional presentation, and in any case while all of these ballets were perfectly respectable apprentice efforts at a Workshop level, they did not — to my mind — justify the formation of a company. The two new ballets were ineffectual from whatever angle you looked at them. In all these circumstances the possibilities of ballet-in-the-round were not fairly tested.

4. Did you miss the absence of décor?

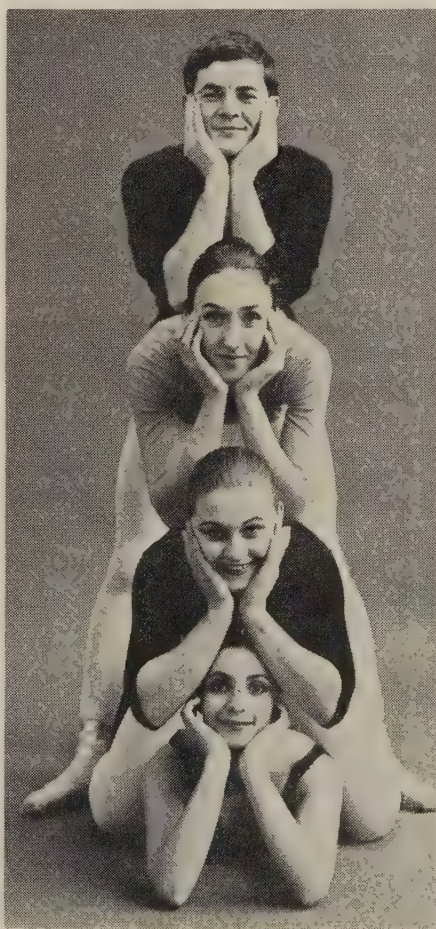
P.W.: Up to a point I did, though in many ways I would rather have no décor than bad décor. Often when I have seen ballets rehearsed in a classroom I have found them more exciting than they frequently appear on the stage as occasionally the designs tend to muzz-up the choreographic pattern. In an arena as small as this was it became a bit distracting to see faces, particularly when they belonged to people I know, through the dancers. Such things as exit signs are rather worrying. Frankly I cannot see a way of getting over this unless light is strongly concentrated on the dancers and what they are doing is so gripping that the attention of the audience is wholly riveted on them. There are, I think, many ways in which this kind of background could be used to advantage but I cannot say that these advantages were revealed in the programme at the Pembroke Theatre.

The lighting must, on this occasion, have been well planned because I never found myself being too aware of it (always the test of good lighting) nor was I ever conscious of any blinding spotlight dazzling me.

C.B.: Surprisingly little. There was more emphasis on lighting than in the usual ballet production, and this was very effectively produced by Peter Jay. Both in *Violent Rhythm* and *The Cord*, intelligent use was made of the lighting plot, while the spot-lit opening of *Voice in the Wilderness*, for



VENTURERS OF 1960: Some of the dancers of Dixon's Ballet Venture 1960. Above, Terry Gilbert, Selena Wylie, Norman Dixon (Director and principal choreographer) and Prudence Rodney. Below, Alun Jones, Seraphina Lansdowne, Carol Jordan and Yvonne Joseph. Photo: Roy Round.



example, was made a good deal more dramatic than it could ever have been in the theatre. Furthermore, the whole manner of the presentation — the sense of being seated around an arena — did not lead one to expect décor, and for that reason alone one hardly missed it.

5. Which of the ballets were the most suitable for this style of presentation?

P.W.: Unfortunately I was unable to see Dixon's *The Cord*, previously created for Sunday Ballet Club, so I am not really in a position to compare them all. In the first programme, however, it was curious how the values of two other Dixon works changed. For instance when his *Voice in the Wilderness* was first given at Wyndham's Theatre, I found it a moving work and full of promise, almost in the school of early Tudor. A great deal then may have been due to the performance of Ann Horn, who, as a Man's ideal woman and later as the reality who has her emotions stirred by a man for the first time, gave it with subtle restraint and deeply-felt intensity. Selena Wylie, who took over this rôle in Croydon, never conveyed any of these things to me. The fact that so many of Dixon's movements had to be repeated to different sides of the arena robbed his re-created rôle of the Young Man of much of its original impact. It became all too self-conscious and studied. The three pairs of *corps de ballet*, used mainly as scenery reflecting or contrasting with the main action, became cumbersome owing to the difficulties of getting them in or out of the arena. To me this work lost its poignancy in the new surroundings.

On the other hand, another Dixon work for Sunday Ballet Club — *Violent Rhythm* — and which I did not care much for originally, seemed to come off better. This work about the lynching of a coloured boy in love with a white girl was obviously intended to create an impact as violent as its title indicates. It is not really a good ballet at all and this kind of situation is inevitably bound to be compared with what Robbins has done in *West Side Story*, but there is no getting away from the fact that the audience could become far more involved in the drama of the situation in a small arena rather than in the theatre. To

a certain extent I did find that there were moments that gripped and held me (one member of the cast did just this thing to my shoe, which proved how involved you can get with arena ballet).

A *pas de deux* by Terry Gilbert, *Street Song*, for himself and his wife Selena Wylie, attempted to achieve an in-the-round love passage about typical young people on the street. There was nothing particularly inventive or original about it and really it cannot be considered to be anything more than a time-filler while other artists are changing for the next work.

A *divertissement*, *Preciosa*, to Weber music, which ended the programme, was not a good enough example of this *genre* to be shown at such close quarters. It needs somebody with more neo-classic ingenuity than Dixon at the present reveals to bring this kind of thing off in-the-round.

In this programme it was the possibilities that were more interesting than anything that was shown. The dancers were remarkably unselfconscious of the audience's close proximity, nor was I particularly aware of any heavy breathing on their part. In these very limiting circumstances they gave a good account of themselves.

C.B.: In some respects one of the two new works, Terry Gilbert's *Street Song*, showed the clearest appraisal of the possibilities of the theatre. It had a well-contrived, if perhaps obvious, opening, with Gilbert sauntering on lighting a cigarette, and the ending, when the two lovers say goodnight, was equally attractive. Unfortunately what came between seemed completely banal choreographically, a tame and anaemic mixture of classical ballet and jive, in which the girl (Selena Wylie) was made to dance incongruously on points. The other new ballet, *Preciosa*, set by Norman Dixon to a couple of cheerful Weber overtures, proved so insubstantial that when it was over it was a little difficult to believe that it had actually happened. With no theme, no plot and precious little choreography, although the ballet showed some signs of having been created for in-the-round in its emphasis on circular and

continued on page 34

Creating

Approach to ballet design

WHAT is dance other than the poetry of movement? What is ballet other than the fusion of choreographic art, or dance, with music and with the art of the painter? What is poetry other than the embodiment in appropriate language of beautiful or high thought. That language being rhythmical and adapted to arouse the feelings and imagination. Therefore in their respective languages the choreographer, the dancer and the composer have brought their poetry to the composite art of ballet. What of the designer?

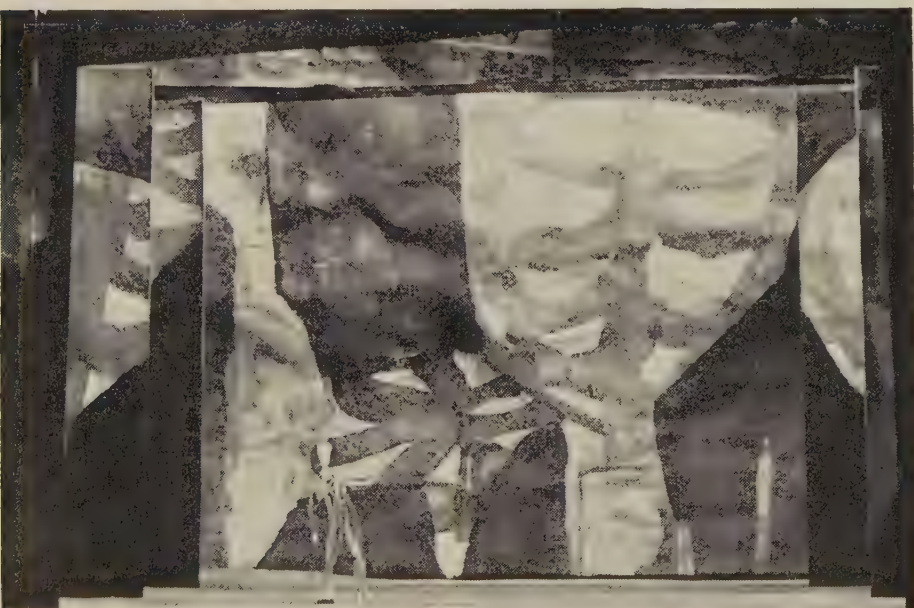
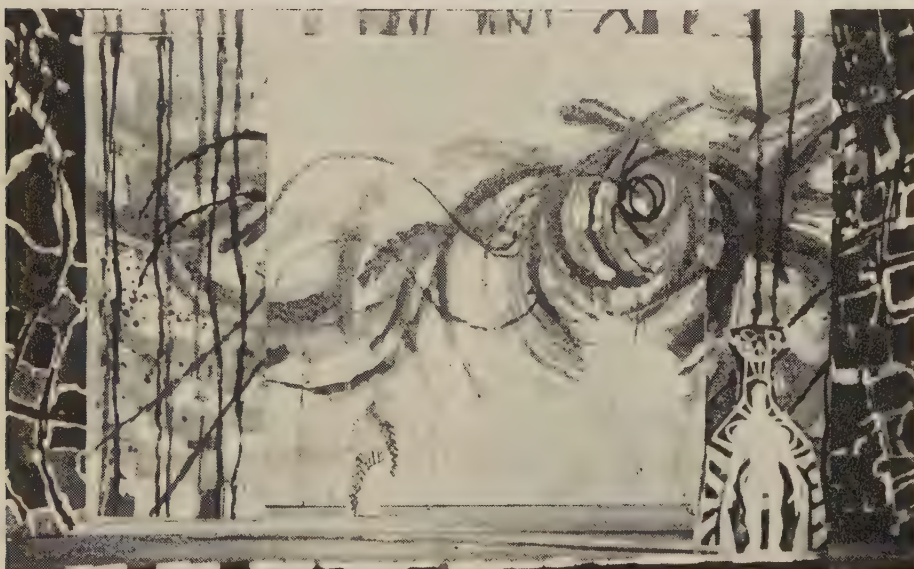
The history of ballet design follows an extremely erratic graph line. There have been moments when it reached certain heights with painters brought into the theatre such as Berain, Gillot, Bouquet, Ciceri amongst others, then the graph has dropped to the "decorator" level when costumes were dreamed up by dressmakers and scenery cooked-up from the unfertile imagination of the scene painter.

It was Diaghilev in this century who realised the importance of the painter's poetry and was unswerving in his efforts to bring that poetry up to the level of ballet's other main contributors. The result was that we can look back on a great vista of the world's most famous painters brought into the service of Terpsichore — Benois and Bakst followed by Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Utrillo, Tchelitchev, Chirico, Bauchant, Derain and it goes on. The great thing that each and every one of these people had in common was that, first and foremost, they were painters. Their genius, their eye for composition, for colour and tonal values and for textures, shapes and surfaces, their poetic attitude was then brought into the theatre. It was something more than just "dressing the stage", it was bringing an independent art which was then fused, possibly by the alchemy of Diaghilev himself more than anyone else, with the musical and choreographic outpourings of other creators — together they gushed out as one great glittering stream.

It is my belief that in ballet today there are, in Britain and America at any rate, far too many people who are little more than decorators. They possibly can concoct some spectacular costumes, and of course there are ballets that call for just this, or they may achieve effective settings but a painter's poetic approach to the whole is lacking. A great deal of this may be due to the teaching that some of them receive in the various schools scattered about the country who teach stage design. In many ways these organisations do their job well — they teach cutting, architecture, lighting and most of the practical sides of theatre decoration. And

JOHN STOKES (Top and Middle left): The design at the top is for a drop-cloth in black, green and orange with white lines. Through this can be seen the setting which in the beginning has wings almost meeting across the stage; these move back and the setting, seen in the middle picture, is revealed. In this picture of his model can be seen two figures for his costume designs, the one on the right being a Deity.

NICHOLAS FERGUSON (below left): The model for this setting is mainly in tones of red.



Creation

The Students of the Slade School, London University, design Milhaud's
La Création du Monde.

by PETER WILLIAMS

Photographed by ROBERT BELTON

for the average run of straight play or musical they provide an adequate ground-work. For ballet, however, this is not enough and what most of these schools lack is the ability to give the student a ground-work and approach to serious painting.

It was on account of this that at the beginning of last year I became interested in the Slade school in London University when I was asked by the two principals of the stage design part, Peter Snow and Nicholas Georgiadis, to go and criticise the ballet designs that the students were doing. If you read *Dance and Dancers* for April and May last year you may remember that the students were working on designs for Stravinsky's *Apollon Musagète*. The idea was that we gave them a subject and then they listened to the music and then carried out the designing just as if they were working in the theatre. The results were interesting, though few of the students carried their work right through and there was a tendency to finish off the designs for subjects with which they had a sympathy and leave the ones for which they had not.

This year's subject was Milhaud's *La Création du Monde*, which, with its subject of the creation of life, we felt gave the students plenty of scope to prove their inventive powers. With this subject there was a far greater insistence on the musical inspiration. In fact they had to really soak themselves in the score and then let it dictate their whole approach to the designing.

La Creation du Monde

The Swedish choreographer, Jean Borlin, mounted *La Création du Monde* in 1923 when it had a score specially commissioned from Darius Milhaud and designs from Fernand Léger. The characters are Man and Woman, three Deities, insects, monkeys, birds, etc. As the curtain rose there was a mass of intermingled bodies in a clearing. Deities move around and pronounce spells. Gradually the mass started to move and a tree shot up, leaves appeared which turned into animals. Gradually the stage lightened as creatures separated from the moving mass which encircled the Deities. Eventually Man and Woman appear from the mass and recognise each other. The dance of desire starts and when it calms down and stops the various groups break away and Man and Woman are left isolated absorbed in a kiss.

When Ninette de Valois created the work for the Camargo Society in 1931 and for the Vic-Wells company in 1933, she saw it mainly as a negro dance ritual with Man and Woman and a *corps de ballet*.

The Slade students, when given this subject, were not tied down in their treatment of the subject of creation. They were encouraged to see creation as Milhaud's score, actually one of the first uses of symphonic jazz, inspired them; there was no need, we felt, for them to stick closely to either the original idea of Borlin or the later conception of De Valois. In actual fact, apart from two people, they all saw the work as lying somewhere about halfway between the two choreographers — a sort of primitive ritual. One, Adrian Vaux, saw it as a modern work about machinery and business tycoons as deities; another, Deanne Wisby, concocted her own story about a young Negro arriving in New York presumably brought about by the rather Gershwin-like symphonic nature

of the score; and another, Ian Spurling who never finished his designs, started upon an idea which rather interestingly suggested a scene from a 'twenties revue.

As I said last year, I was greatly impressed by the fact that both Peter Snow and Nicholas Georgiadis do not attempt to influence unduly any student's style. Rather do they try to build up and develop their individuality. In this way the students become people in their own right rather than weak copies of their teachers which is so often the case in theatre design schools. This is very much to their credit because both Snow and Georgiadis are very individual painters and designers in their own right. Therefore you can see on this and other pages in this issue, a number of designs treating the same subject in a highly individual manner.

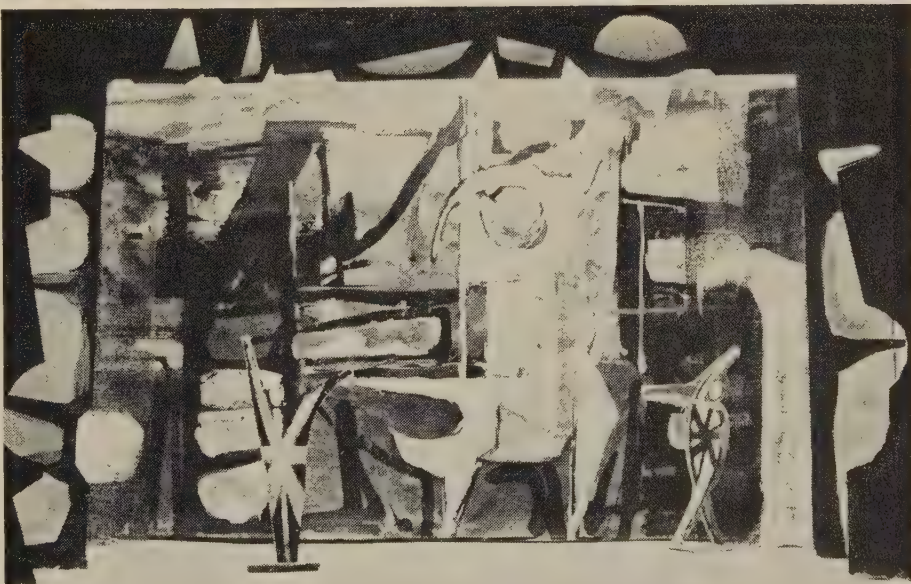
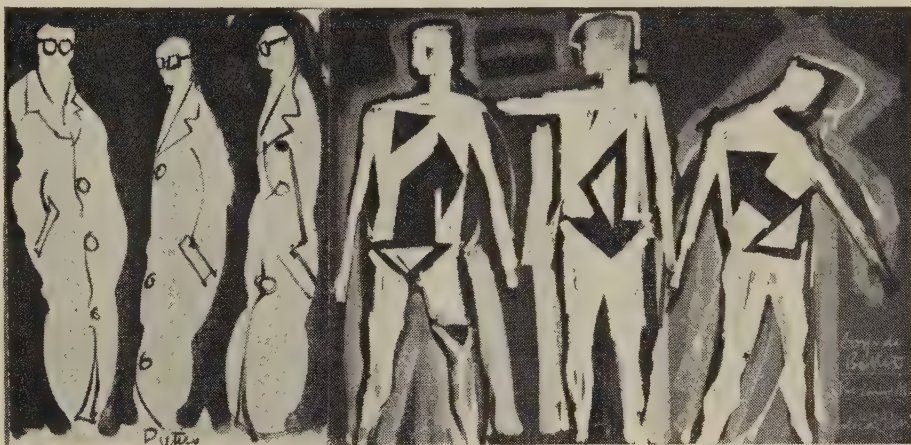
It became fascinating to watch, over two months, how they all developed. A few of them had a perfectly clear idea of what they wanted to do from the start and carried that

idea through, with a number of minor changes, right to the end. Others started on four or five different tacks, chose one of them, then changed their whole conception halfway. Some started on one idea and then completely scrapped it and started afresh with an entirely different attitude. There is nothing wrong with any of these methods of working though, of course, it is easier if the plan of action comes immediately — the principal factor is that it should be as the designer wants it ultimately. In many ways those who changed their minds halfway were to be applauded because it meant that they were self-critical enough to realise that what they were doing was not right. In the end it proved in almost every case that second and even third thoughts were best.

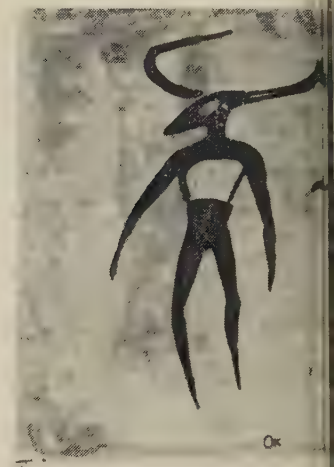
Take, for instance, the example of Robin Crozier, whose designs are at the bottom of pages 18 and 19. He is primarily a sculptor who last year did some *Apollo* designs which were mainly felt as a sculptor would

Continued on page 20

ADRIAN VAUX (below): The three figures on the left in the picture immediately below are Vaux's idea of the three Deities, while the other three, on the right, are for a section of the *corps de ballet*. They are in grey-black and white. The model for his setting, at the bottom of the page, shows the final stages of the ballet when other pieces of scenery have been removed. The main colouring is black, slate-blue and grey, though there are a few bright colours to give accent.



More Slaves



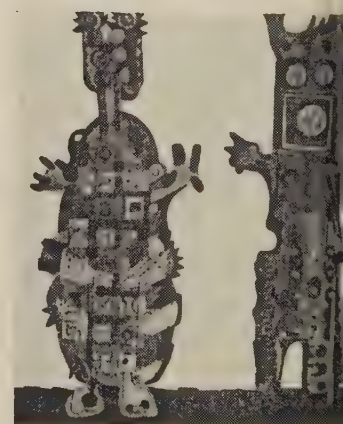
SUSAN EVANS
(left and above)



HAROLD GOSNE
(left and above)

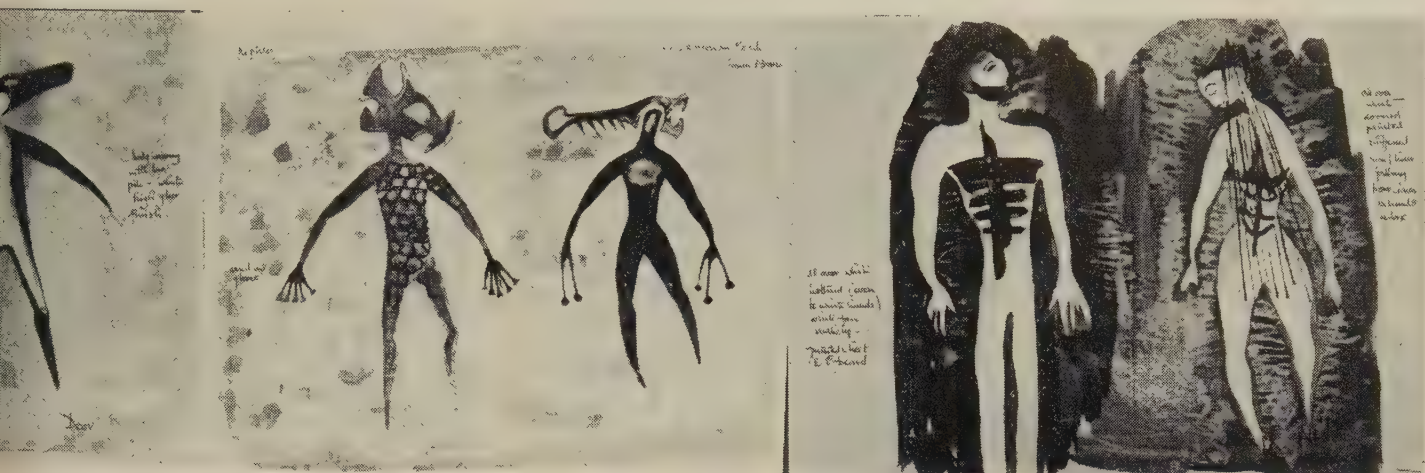


ROBIN CROZIER
(left and below)



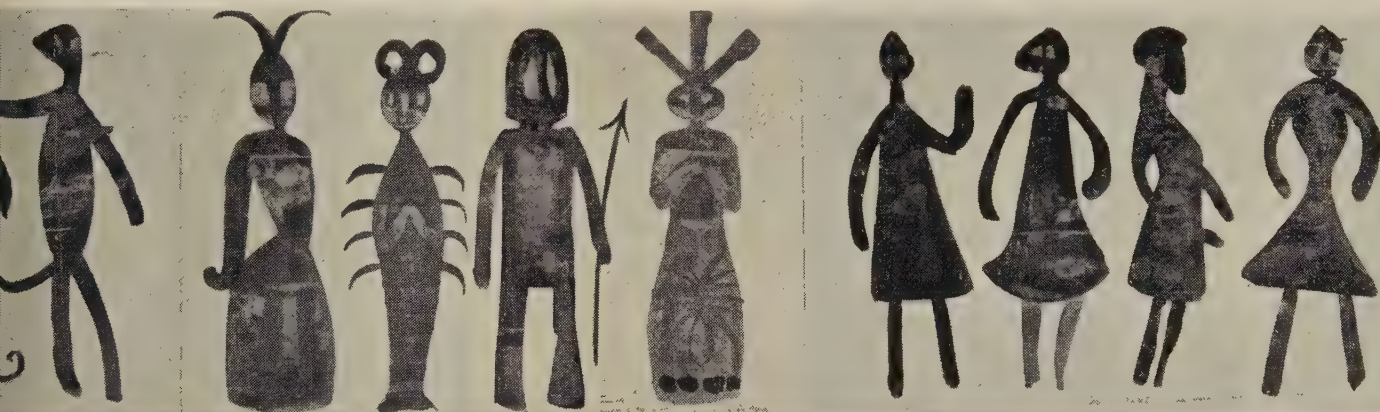
DANCE AND DANCERS

Students' designs for *La Création du Monde*



The model of Susan Evan's setting on the left does not give a very clear idea of the interesting nature of this design as it has been mainly painted on gauzes which are impossible to photograph. The set uses beige, white and brown, though when the model was lit there were suggestions of blue and even warmer colours for the end of the ballet. A suggestion of a bird's skeleton head can be seen on one of the cloths which come into greater prominence with the change of lighting. The figure in the foreground represents a dancer as a bird.

Above are some of her costume designs. On the left, for two beasts, centre for two reptiles and, on the right, for Man and Woman. The reptiles are in shades of green while the beasts are in warmer reds and browns.



Gosney's model on the left is in greys with touches of orange. The five elongated practical rocks give another dimension and can be lit from within. The figure on the right is for one of the Deities. The costumes, seen above, are for four reptiles, on the left, which are in dull reds and browns; centre for four insects in dull reds and greens with a suggestion of yellow, while the four figures on the right are for the corps de ballet in textured black with blue splodges.

In Crozier's model on the left can be seen some of his sculptural vertical shapes which are moved away as the ballet progresses. The sky is in pale green and the wings, etc., are brown, ochre and Venetian red with black texturing. In his costume, below, are three Deities on the left. They are basically in red, green or yellow with multi-coloured patterns on them. The four figures in the middle are for the corps de ballet and the designs on each signify what they represent. One is in brown, white and black, the next in red, then one in ice blue, and the fourth is in green. The four figures on the right are for Man and Woman, and are in dull pink and black.



Continued from page 17

feel which also meant that his idea of colour was rather limited. For *Création* he first showed some sketches that were equally lacking in interesting colour though they contained some passable sculptural ideas. For a week or two he fiddled around with these ideas, until suddenly one day he produced the setting that we have reproduced. His elongated sculptured masses which crowded in the opening moments of the ballet were then moved away, bit by bit, until at the end there was an almost clear horizon. Not only was his idea workable from a theatrical point of view but his colour sense had developed miraculously — in front of a lime-green backcloth stood his menacing shapes in brown, ochre and

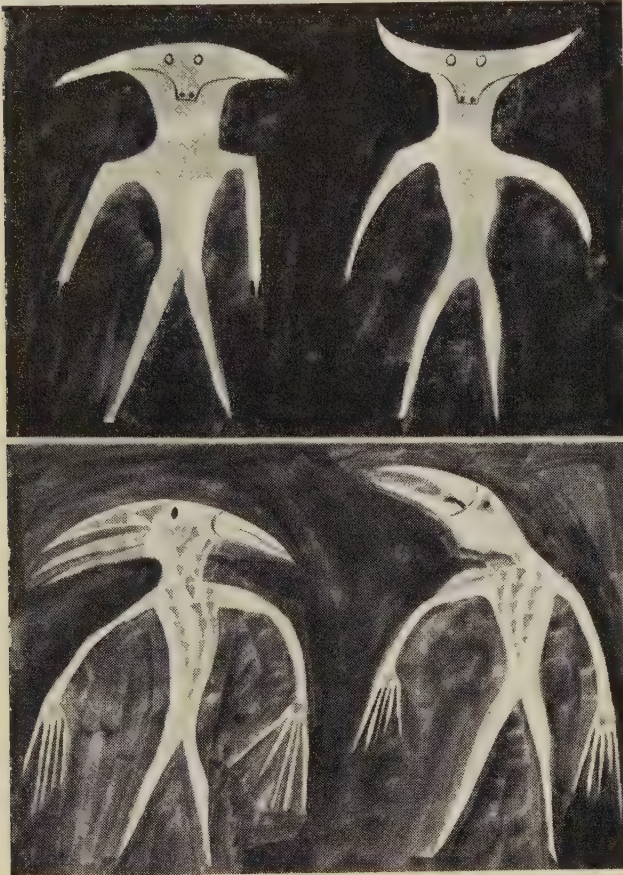
Venetian Red with a few touches of scarlet in his ground-row to give accent. This newly found awareness he also brought to his costumes which were completed shortly after. His Deities were imposing, awe-inspiring figures (they don't dance in the ballet, merely move about) composed of a kaleidoscope of patterns, shapes and colours. In contrast to this elaboration, his costumes for plants, animals and humans were stylised and extremely simple — just all-over tights with each group separated by different colours and insignia worked on to the limbs and torso. Man and Woman were so designed that there really was an impression of blood, or life, starting to course through their arteries.

Two people who had a clear idea of what

RALPH ADRON:

Left are two lots of animal costumes — above pair for horned animals, bottom pairs for male and female birds — which are in terracotta and red.

Below is Adron's model for his setting, which is in green with patterns in turquoise and occasional touches of black. Some of the setting is painted on gauze which throws the patterns into silhouette.



they wanted and deviated very little were Susan Evans and Ralph Adron. Her setting (pictures on pages 18 and 19), mainly in beige, white and brown, consisted of a number of gauzes which melted as the various phases of the ballet progressed. She had a good idea in that she used skeletal heads of birds and animals in her setting mixed up with tree forms. This gave the whole décor an air of mystery and of "no place" yet of decided environment. The skeletal shapes were repeated in the Deities and their silhouette, to a certain extent, in her other costumes which gave a clear idea of what animal, bird or reptile they were supposed to be. Personally I am rather doubtful whether her projections — horns, snouts and so on — would be entirely workable in practice as they might be a great hindrance in any mass movement but they were interesting designs nonetheless and they could be simplified and abbreviated for the stage.

Adron (pictures on left) saw the surroundings for *creation* as a deep green jungle-like place with a few turquoise shapes to give height, and some in black to give depth. It was indeterminate and atmospheric and he achieved mysterious distances which became far more effective when he applied lighting to his model because there was a sense of eventual clearing with a sun about to burst on Man and Woman after the early stirrings of life had found human form.

His costumes, like those of Susan Evans, were mainly concerned with animal forms and he achieved some interesting silhouettes in red and orange which made a startling contrast to his setting.

Adrian Vaux's idea of *creation* (pictures on page 17) was entirely concerned with contemporary life. His Deities became tycoons, immense, bespectacled in white laboratory coats — his masses became people masses and machines. They moved against an abstract setting, which opened out gradually, of grey, heavy black lines, brown and slate-blue with occasional touches of orange. It was atomic and sinister and, in its own way, remarkably effective. I think that he had started on an idea and had got a little confused halfway through but it was a bold, and almost successful, attempt at break-away.

The almost cubist form of Harold Gosney's setting (shown on pp. 18 & 19) was an excellent piece of composition. Like Vaux, he used mainly grey, blue with a few touches of orange. He got three dimensions into his setting by the introduction of a number of vertical rocks which could be lit from various sides and even from inside so that they glowed mysteriously. It could have been a good décor for a number of ballets but his costumes — he saw the work as some kind of primitive ritual — gave the right environment for this particular work. Those, for animals and humans, were in dull reds, browns, greens and so on while his humans were of textured black with blue splotches; what is more they seemed to be a part of their surroundings.

Promising work came from John Stokes (settings on page 16) who managed to get a swirl of movement and stirring into his front cloth of black with white lines and patches of green, brown and orange; this opened out on to a setting with a similar feeling and which, in its turn moved back from each side to reveal an almost white backcloth with a copper-beech sunburst or meteor traversing in ether-like wastes. His dancers were mainly bandaged figures which, for the Deities, had green scaffolding constructions to be removed when the dancing started.

Judy Wood (pictures on right), who did

DANCE AND DANCERS

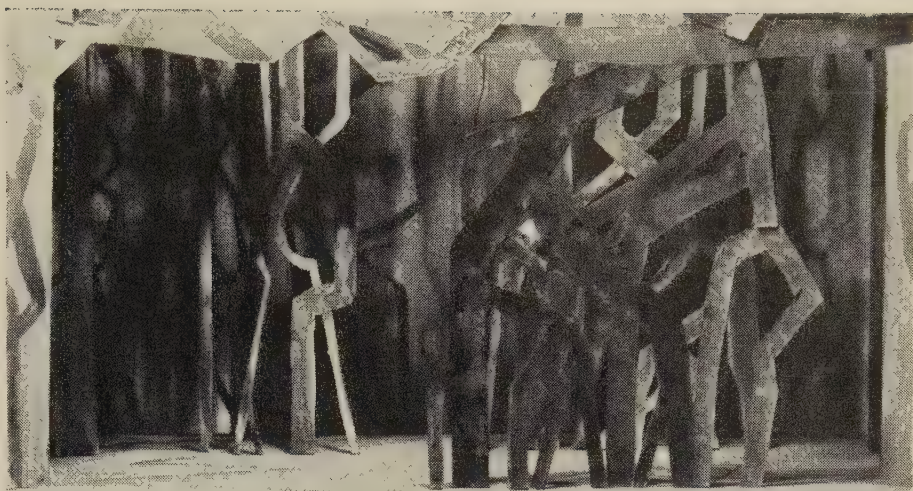
such original sets for *Apollo* last year, was hampered by the fact that she saw the ballet in so many different lights — peasant art, machine and Romantic—before she arrived at what she wanted. Against her final blue jungle with its entwined tendrils of vegetation, her figures were of simple shape with an elaboration of interior pattern.

Deanne Wisby, who had the idea of making the ballet about a young Negro coming to a big city, saw her setting in blue open grills with heavy black shadows, a great white expanse to suggest freedom and dots of white here and there to give the impression of city lights. It was a good set — for another ballet.

A number of the students were unable to finish their work for various reasons and, amongst the unfinished, was an arresting setting from Nicholas Ferguson (picture on page 16) in bright and dark reds with blue. The main feature of his design was an immense red rib-cage. It gave promise of an exciting design and it was only a pity that owing to illness he was unable to finish his costumes. Another student who never finished was Ian Spurling whose completed designs for *Apollo* last year had shown the greatest promise. This year he saw creation as a series of Jack-in-the-boxes from which the Deities sprang but his setting with an all-over design of circles and squares in pink and black and completely symmetrical would possibly have driven an audience to a mad house if they had to look at it for long. In many ways it appeared that he had been greatly influenced by the designing for Borlin's Les Ballets Suédois and for one of that company's works *Relâche* in particular. Later he changed his ideas and a rocky setting in red and black started to develop a good idea. At the very last moment he produced some costumes of almost Aubrey Beardsley-like fantasy which, fascinating in themselves, did not form into a very coherent whole with the setting. Another non-finisher was Felicity Wilson who started off with a splendid explosion of red and looked as though she would produce something really worthwhile. Unfortunately she lost heart somewhere and nothing really materialised. Apart from these there were several people with promise but the fact that they never finished excludes them from mention here as it is quite impossible to give a true assessment of their worth without seeing costumes and settings completed.

There is, I fear, a great tendency for students in exercises of this kind to do the things they want to do and omit those for which they have no particular feeling. In the real theatre there is, of course, no time for people who do not finish an assignment and it is essential that they should be made aware of this at the earliest possible moment.

Forgetting these few disappointments, the work was on the whole remarkable and very stimulating. Taking some of the other work they do into consideration — they tackle three different subjects a year — I would say that several of them are already ripe to take up work in the professional theatre. I mention this because the continual cry in ballet and in the more straight theatre is for new designers. Choreographers are always bemoaning the fact that there are so few designers in Britain and on the face of it this island does appear to be a rather arid desert — to the average foreigner looking at most of the designing in our repertoires it would seem that there is not even an oasis in sight. As more pastel vistas open up they look at each other, these bewildered foreigners, and sadly murmur 'Le goût Anglais' shrug their shoulders in resignation



JUDY WOOD :

Above is the model for

Judy Wood's setting,

which is mainly in blue

with touches of dark red

and black. Right are two

lots of costumes for

the corps de ballet

whom she sees as cells.

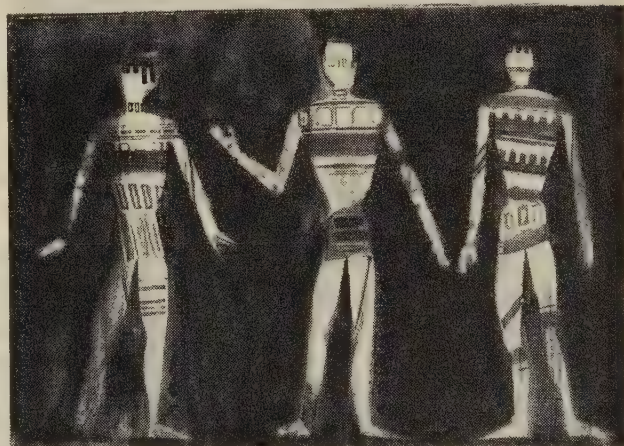
One group is in

turquoise, blue, green

and white; the other

group is in black, grey

and white.



and go on to praise the choreography and the dancing. This humiliating attitude need never happen if only more designers were taught primarily to be serious painters and this is where I think that the Slade has it. As I mentioned previously, nearly all the greatest ballet designers were also equally great painters — and there you have the answer. If there are any impresarios or artistic directors of ballet who would like their presentations to get out of their dreary ruts — yes, I know the rut is also good box-office but even the public's intelligence develops sometimes — then the address is The Slade School, London University, Gower Street, London, W.C.2. I tell you this cutting against all my prejudices about anything remotely like advertising appearing in editorial pages.

NEXT MONTH

In the June issue of *Dance and Dancers* will appear pictures and full reviews of KENNETH MACMILLAN'S version of STRAVINSKY'S *Le Baiser de la Fée* at Covent Garden, and of the combined season of BALLET OF THE MONNAIE THEATRE at Sadler's Wells. Arthur Todd will review the seasons of NEW YORK CITY BALLET, MARTHA GRAHAM and all the recent New York Musicals. All the usual and many new features.

Ballet Perspectives: 17

Laidерette

by CLIVE BARNES

LIKE second novels, it is perhaps the second ballet that really counts. An apprentice choreographer might produce an interesting first ballet more by luck than judgment, but no one is that lucky twice. Kenneth MacMillan's *Somnambulism* proved the great success of the first performance of the Sadler's Wells Choreographic Group — a small "workshop" organisation founded by dancers of the Royal Ballet to encourage new choreographers from within the ranks of the two companies. MacMillan followed this minor triumph by producing a *pas de trois*, called *Fragment*, for the organisation's second programme. This, like *Somnambulism*, was to Stan Kenton music, and virtually an addendum to the earlier ballet. MacMillan's second major ballet, *Laidерette*, was not produced until January 24, 1954, just over a year after the production of *Somnambulism*.

He decided on a narrative ballet, partly in his own words, "to prove I could". The inspiration for *Laidерette* came from a number of sources, even though they can be summed up under the headings of: "Frank Martin" and "clowns".

MacMillan first heard the music of Frank Martin at a concert in Edinburgh. It appealed to him so much that he rushed to a gramophone shop and listened to other works by the composer. Among them was Martin's *Petite Symphonie Concertante* for Harp, Harpsichord, Piano and Strings. He bought the record, which suggested the basic idea of *Laidерette* to him.

However, although the music came first, clowns were almost equally important to

the first conception of *Laidерette*. "Around that time, MacMillan says, "I seemed to have been surrounded by circuses and clowns." He now thinks, on looking back, that perhaps the very first germ of the ballet came to him one day over at John Cranko's flat, when he saw on the wall Paul Gavarni's engraving, *L'Ecole des Pierrots*, which immediately made him think of a ballet. The fascinating thing about this is that it was the very same Gavarni picture that, although MacMillan was not aware of it, had previously provided the original spark which fired Cranko's imagination for *Harlequin in April* — and it was, incidentally, reproduced in *Dance and Dancers* last year as an illustration to a Ballet Perspective on the Cranko work. Although many ballets have been inspired by paintings, this must surely be the first time that two choreographers have, quite without knowing it, taken precisely the same obscure work as their point of departure.

Laidерette also possibly owes something of its atmosphere to a book on circus life which was lent to MacMillan by David Poole, then a principal dancer of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet and the leading spirit in the Choreographic Group. Finally, to make MacMillan's absorption in clowns complete, was the fact that concurrently with the preparation of *Laidерette*, he was also working in Cranko's *The Lady and the Fool*, where he was the original Moondog.

Having worked out the ballet's story and chosen Maryon Lane, David Poole and Johaar Mosaval to dance the principal rôles, MacMillan came against the difficulty of décor and costumes. All the ballets at

the Sadler's Wells Choreographic Group were normally produced without scenery and with costumes drawn from the stock of the Sadler's Wells wardrobe. *Laidерette*, however, needed some kind of setting, so MacMillan improvised one from a plain, blue sky-cloth and part of a house borrowed from the Opera Company's décor — by Motley as it happened — for *Eugene Onegin*. It worked fairly well.

Laidерette was given last on the Choreographic Group's third programme and received an even more tumultuous reception from the specially-invited audience than had greeted *Somnambulism* a year before. It immediately established MacMillan as among the most talented choreographers in the country — even though at that time not one of his works had been produced publicly, or for that matter even professionally. Arrangements were soon made for him to make a ballet for the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet.

The obvious step was to mount *Laidерette* for the company, and this would probably have been done had not Martin's score provided almost insuperable difficulties for a touring orchestra. The expense of providing a harpsichord and harpsichordist proved the greatest obstacle, and eventually the project was abandoned.

Among the people who had seen *Laidерette* for its trial performance at Sadler's Wells Theatre, were Marie Rambert and the Ballet Rambert's Associate Director, David Ellis. MacMillan had first got to know Madame Rambert and Ellis well when he did some designing work, under the pseudonym of Kenneth Aadam, for David Ellis's Ballet Workshop at the Mercury Theatre. Rambert, for the moment without the services of a principal choreographer, had already added a ballet by John Cranko to the repertory and was anxious, one might say for the sake of completeness, to include a MacMillan among her representative collection of British choreography. MacMillan offered her *Laidерette* — subsequently making it a free gift — and with one minor reservation Rambert was delighted.

As for certain ballets, such as *Winter Night*, the Rambert company already used recorded music for touring engagements, the Martin score did not raise the same difficulties as with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. Rambert's one doubt was the ballet's title, *Laidерette*, and I can still recall her telling me at the time that "it sounds just like 'laundерette'". This slight difference of opinion took some years to resolve. For the first performance MacMillan triumphed, and the ballet was uncompromisingly called *Laidерette*. Later, however, when the indomitable Rambert had got the ballet on tour its title changed mysteriously to *Mask and Face*, a title sounding more like a Hollywood spy thriller than a ballet. This proving unsuccessful the name *Laidерette* was soon restored, although even now I have the impression that Madame Rambert prefers to call it in conversation "the MacMillan" rather than use a name that for her will always be associated with washing machines!

For the design of *Laidерette*, Rambert turned to the Australian artist, Kenneth Rowell, whom she had discovered in Australia in 1948 when he designed Gore's *Winter Night*. The year previous to *Laidерette*, Rowell had also produced the décor and costumes for John Cranko's first Rambert ballet, *Variations on a Theme*.

MacMillan naturally took the opportunity of amending the ballet for its professional production, and made numerous small changes and one major revision. With the

GUESTS AT THE BALL: Rich guests at the ball, where *Laidерette* finds herself, include Norman Morrice, Selena Wylie, John Chesworth, Gillian Martlew, Terry Gilbert and Ann Horn. An early moment in *Laidерette* when it had its first public performance by Ballet Rambert in 1955.

Photo: Paul Wilson.



Choreographic Group version MacMillan had been satisfied with his conception of the mysterious Mask-Seller who controls the ballet's action. Originally, danced by Mosaval, he had been a zither player, now he was changed into a mendicant tramp who wheeled a gramophone on a pram — a device that also ingeniously justified the mechanical replaying of the music. Maryon Lane's original rôle of Laidereette — "the little ugly one" — was assigned to Patricia Ashworth, Ronald Yerrell took over David Poole's part of the Host, and the Mask-Seller was given to Norman Dixon. The production had its first performance at the Sadler's Wells Theatre on July 4, 1955, and has remained in the Rambert repertory ever since. It was one of the works that the Ballet Rambert took to the United States in 1959 when they appeared at Jacob's Pillow.

Laidereette is a bitter, touching and a very young ballet. Apparently based on the thesis that only the beautiful deserve to be loved, it is saved from cynicism by its sense of compassion. Walter Terry recently called it a "mood ballet" but although its highly individual atmosphere is undeniably important, this is only incidental to the intrinsic poetic seriousness of its theme. It is, I suggest, a ballet at present under-rated which will one day be revalued, in much the same way as was Andrée Howard's *La Fête Etrange*. It would not surprise me if it were to be one day estimated as being, together with *Agon*, the most important of Mac-Millan's early works.

The story is unusual but simple; were it not for its lack of mawkishness it might have been by Oscar Wilde and decorated by Aubrey Beardsley, but the music and actual choreographic style stop it from being confused with any Yellow Book moralistic fantasy. *Laidereette* is abandoned by her family, a troupe of pierrots, on the steps of a grand, somewhat decaying mansion. Caught up in the gaiety of a masked party, Laidereette and the owner of the house fall in love with each other. He recoils from her when, at the final unmasking, she is revealed as bald. Lurking in the background, guiding events with the sinister hand of destiny, is the shadowy figure of the Mask-Seller.

The ballet is counter-poised between two groups; the party guests (the "haves") and the Pierrots ("have-nots") with Laidereette as an outcast from both. MacMillan has soaked his work with atmosphere associations. Familiar though many of these associations are (bedraggled clowns and mysterious parties being far from unknown in ballet) MacMillan gathers them up and presents them with fresh vision.

Choreographically MacMillan's highspot is probably the *pas de deux* for Laidereette and the Host. The strange, eerie chords of the harpsichord and harp seem to awaken fears in Laidereette, and she dances until her body is grotesquely shaken with hysteria. The Host quietens her and they dance together — he with tenderness and unfolding love, she with fear and reticence. But throughout the choreography is remarkably well matched to the music, and MacMillan's use of the shambling group of Pierrots, who act as a dejected chorus, observing the action with a blank-faced sadness.

A possible fault here is that the Pierrot group are presented rather more in dramatic terms than choreographic. While this is not true of the Guests, all full of butterfly arrogance, it must be admitted that the choreography allotted to them is adequate but fairly conventional. There is another defect that is even more serious. The rôle of the Host has been left almost as a blank



SCEPTICAL VIEWERS: *Laidereette's* clown family watch the growing attachment of the Host (Ronald Yerrell) for Laidereette (Patricia Ashworth).
Photos: Paul Wilson.

to be filled in by the dancer. Yet while the ballet here and there reveals Mac-Millan's inexperience it remains one of the most notable examples of its *genre* in the British repertory, and the choice of the Martin music and the Rowell designs add considerably to its effectiveness and stature.

Frank Martin's *Petite Symphonie Concertante* was written during the winter of 1944/45, and shows Martin's very individual musical technique at its best. This neo-romantic music with its limpid orchestration and arresting sonorities casts a sinister spell over the listener. MacMillan has told me that he found a "bitterness" in the music and it is perhaps this, together with its mysteriously poignant sadness that gives it its particular flavour. The mood

of tragic resignation and compassion stated by Martin and caught by MacMillan, is also echoes in Kenneth Rowell's designing, giving the work a unity that is all the more remarkable considering that each of its parts was composed at different times. Presumably Rowell was here under the influence of the "Petit" school of designers, yet it still has a quality that is unmistakably Rowell's own. The designs themselves look fussy and overloaded, and for this reason the ballet has never photographed particularly well, but in practice they present a stage picture of unusual clarity. Even the setting, with its suggestions of a crumbling mansion on one side and the twinkling lights of a fairground on the

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REVELATION: *Laidereette*, shunned by the rich guests after she is discovered to be bald on the removal of her mask, is left to return to her family, who regard her with a mixture of sad resignation and dislike.
Photo: Paul Wilson.





BALLERINAS TO SAY FAREWELL: When London's Festival Ballet left to fly to Mexico on the start of their long tour which takes them all through South America, ballerinas came to see them off. They are Phyllis Bedells (in fur coat), Alicia Markova (centre) and Marina Svetlova (one from right). The travellers in the picture are: Toni Lander, Jeanette Minty, Anita Landa, Anton Dolin, Belinda Wright, John Gilpin and Marilyn Burr. Photo: B.O.A.C.

curtain up!

Shearer's return

FOR some weeks now, I have heard rumours coming from the Royal Ballet School at Baron's Court. The grapevine has been humming with the news that Moira Shearer was returning to ballet. Apparently she was said to be taking private classes with Ailne Phillips. What was she going to do? Conjecture grew wilder and wilder — she was going to make a film with the Royal Ballet, she was returning to Covent Garden, she was going to be the star of the touring Royal Ballet, she was going to dance Magdalena for Festival Ballet, she was going to dance La Sylphide for Ballet Rambert — so they went on. Everybody was wrong because Shearer was not training to dance in Britain at all, though she may be *seen* here. It has been announced that she is to star in a film to be made about Roland Petit's Ballets de Paris that is being made in Paris. What rôle will she play? Why, Roxane in Petit's *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and it is possible that with Shearer's stage experience, and understanding of straight drama, she will make a better job of this particular part than has been made by her predecessors. Several other of Petit's works are to be committed to the wide screen in breathtaking colour and I only wish that it were possible for Margot Fonteyn to preserve for all time her ravishing performance of Agathe, the cat-woman, in Petit's *Les Demoiselles de la Nuit*. Apart from Ondine this is considered by the few

that saw her to be one of her most rewarding contemporary rôles.

Farewell with a sting

PEGGY VAN PRAAGH left England at the end of March to take up her post as artistic advisor to the Borovansky Ballet in Australia. She is to stay there for six months and on these six months depends her decision about working in the Antipodes for a longer period. Before she left she not only was responsible for the Royal Ballet students' *Le Lac des Cygnes* at Covent Garden but also for a talk to the annual dinner of the Critics' Circle which took place on a night when hardly any ballet critics were present owing to their necessary attendance at the first ballet-in-the-round in Croydon. This dinner is the one occasion in the year for dancers, actors and other much-criticised professionals to put their point of view. As a guest speaker for ballet, Peggy Van Praagh condemned the practice of some papers in sending a reporter, who may know little or nothing about ballet, to review a performance. "The public would not stand for untrained dancers," she said, "so why should dancers stand for untrained critics?" She went on to say that no critic ought to be expected to judge a work on just one sitting. And in case anyone came up with the usual remarks about negative criticism, she had a constructive suggestion to make. Why not, she said, let reporters give an account of the first night, and then let the critic review the ballet later,

after more performances?

Of course Peggy Van Praagh was right and in fact it is the practice in most European countries for reviews not to appear for several days after the actual performance. With regard to trained critics most newspapers have trained critics — too often trained in some other branch of the arts.

Inquest, no verdict

THE great success of Sunday Ballet Club's open meeting at the Arts Council headquarters in St. James's Square was the big audience it drew. In other ways this get-together to discuss the club's past achievements and future plans was less successful. Everyone, it appeared, could see the difficulties, but nobody had any new solutions to offer. So it seems that the club will go on much as before, valiantly making bricks with a minimum of straw and hoping for something to turn up.

Among the highlights of the evening's entertainment were the speeches of a gentleman who apparently already regards two of the club's more promising aspirant choreographers as in the great line of ballet creators from Perrot through Fokine and Tudor, and of a dancer who seemed to think that, having bought a score or gramophone records of a piece of music, the choreographer ought then to be able to use the music without any further reference or payment to the composer! One speaker advocated far more frequent performances, another (who hadn't actually been to any of the club's programmes) suggested just one gilded performance a year. These are the sort of comments you lay yourself open to when you call an "open" meeting.

More seriously, however, I gather from behind the scene conversations that the club's production committee are hoping to organise forthcoming programmes rather further in advance than has been possible so far. There is still an imposing list of would-be choreographers — some of them likely to prove promising — waiting to work for the club.

The Kirov are coming

LAST month I expressed the hope that when the Kirov (formerly Maryinsky) Ballet company from Leningrad come to London next year, they would appear in a real theatre. Now impresario Victor Hochhauser has announced that they will indeed appear in a real theatre — the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. The season will be for one month, starting on June 12, 1961. One London balletomane, hearing that the season was only little more than a year away, asked "Has the queue started yet?" At press time, the answer was definitely no.

It seems certain that one of the ballets the Kirov will bring is their version of Prokofiev's last work, *The Stone Flower*, which the Bolshoi took with them to New York. Ballerina Alla Shelest will be remembered here for her concert appearances in London a few years back when she was one of the first Soviet classical ballerinas to appear in London. She was partnered by Constantin Shatilov. Other leading dancers of the Kirov *ensemble* are Natalia Dudinskaya, whose strong technique has been glimpsed in films (notably as Odile in *Trio Ballet*), and Konstantin Sergeyev, who was formerly Ulanova's partner.

What, no Plisetskaya?

ALREADY the promised "Stars of the Bolshoi Ballet" concert group has

DANCE AND DANCERS

been announced for eight performances at the Albert Hall starting on June 27. They include Timofeyeva, Tikhomirnova, Farmanyants and Zvyagina, and the London Philharmonic will be conducted by Zhemtuzhny. So far there is no mention of Maya Plisetskaya, the beautiful Bolshoi star whom Britain has not yet seen, and whom it was strongly rumoured would lead this group.

As we have come to learn only too well, and often to our sorrow, it is never possible to predict just who or what is going to arrive from the U.S.S.R. until it actually touches down on British soil, we can only go on hoping that Plisetskaya will eventually come. After Ulanova, she is the Soviet ballerina that Britain most wants to see.

Their voices for ever

JUPITER RECORDINGS, as I told you a few months ago, have made some records of the voices of ballet's great names. Those already on sale, and which will be reviewed in full next month, concern Beryl Grey, Marie Rambert with Karsavina, Marie Rambert alone, Karsavina alone and Dame Adeline Genée. The sleeve is charming in pale blue with a white Wedgewood design and Ivor Guest has written biographical notes on each of the speakers. These discs should be in the collections of everyone who collects books, pictures and objects pertaining to ballet. Karsavina's record in particular, in which she talks of the early days in St. Petersburg and of the first Paris and London seasons of the Diaghilev Ballet, is likely to become a much sought-after rarity in the future.

Happy returns

HAVE you ever tried loaning ballet designs or pictures to an exhibition? If you have, you will probably agree with Sir Kenneth Clark who, when asked to lend his Graham Sutherland designs to the *Fifty Years of Ballet Design* exhibition which was first shown at the John Herron Museum in Indianapolis and later toured the States. He said, "Well, I suppose that's the last I shall see of them!" That's what usually happens for the loans are either lost or the glasses are returned smashed and the frames chipped beyond repair. It's amazing what little respect most people have for the property of others.

However this story ends happily because all the loans from Britain, which included those from Karsavina, Markova, Andrée Howard, Kenneth Rowell, Nicholas Georgiadis and the British Council amongst many others, came back not only in excellent condition but in new mounts and all carefully covered with pieces of acetate. The distance covered by them was considerable — twice across the Atlantic and twice across America. Perhaps organisers of exhibitions who cart our belongings to exhibit at distances little further than just around the corner might heed these words and learn a lesson from Indianapolis.

Dancers you may not know

THE winner of A. & C. Black's recent competition, 10 gns. for 3d., is announced on another page in this issue. The contestants were asked to name the dancers, male and female, they would like to see as subjects of Black's picture-biography books. Apparently a large number of entries were received but the publishers were somewhat surprised at the insularity of most people's choices. As in all competitions there was the usual lunatic fringe and one entry included amongst the

great male dancers of today Cyril Beaumont, Richard Buckle and Ivor Guest. Among the great ballerinas of today were the names of Elsa Brunelleschi, Joan Lawson and Mary Clarke. In actual fact we should very much like to see these critics appearing in a ballet.

Très Mal Gardée

ONE of the alternative titles under which *La Fil Mal Gardée* has been given in its long career was *Vain Precautions*. By now readers will know, even if they have not seen Ashton's ballet at Covent Garden, that the point of both these titles is that Mother Simone takes great precautions to keep her daughter, Lise, away from the man she loves, Colas. In her zeal she succeeds only in locking these two young people up in the bedroom. The approach of Lise's clumsy suitor Alain to unlock the door, only to find his prospective bride in the arms of his rival, always causes gales of laughter.

The laughter, however, was mixed with consternation on the part of those who knew the ballet, at a recent performance at Covent Garden. Alexander Grant, as Alain, approached the door and tried to open it but nothing happened. He pulled, pushed, banged and kicked — still the door didn't budge. At the last possible moment before the music ran out, the door finally flew open and Nerina and Blair made a splendid entrance for their final *pas de deux*.

It says a great deal for the talents of the company and for the skilful way they improvised that people who hadn't seen the ballet before just didn't realise anything had gone wrong. It also says — in a somewhat different tone — a great deal for the stage management.

One up to Elmhurst

THE Royal Ballet School can use Covent Garden for its school performances, but now the Elmhurst School at Camberley has gone one better. It is the first school in England to build its own theatre. Financed entirely by the support of parents, the new theatre will have a seating capacity of about 240 on two levels and a small but adequate stage with modern equipment. Both auditorium and stage will be markedly larger than, for example, the old Mercury Theatre.

The school, which numbers Merle Park, Meriel Evans and Mary Drage amongst its former pupils, will open at the end of May with a special performance.

happy birthday to...

Cecil Bates	Teaching in Australia	Mar	26
Margaret Lee			26
Pamela May	Royal Ballet Organization	Jun	30
Rosemary Lindsay	The Royal Ballet		2
Myrle Duchesne			2
Molly Lake	Teaching in Turkey		3
Carlos Carvajal	De Cuevas International Ballet		3
Natalie Krassovska	Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo		3
Nina Vyroubova	De Cuevas International Ballet		4
Robert Harrold	Teaching		4
Gillian Martlew	Ballet Rambert		5
Petrus Bosman	The Royal Ballet		5
June Sandbrook	Ballet Rambert		5
Arlette Castanier	De Cuevas International Ballet		6
Derek Rencher	The Royal Ballet		6
Ninette de Valois	Royal Ballet Organization		6
George Zoritch	Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo		6
Sandra Vane			6
Max Natiez	London's Festival Ballet		7
Patricia Ashworth			8
Deirdre O'Conaire	London's Festival Ballet		9
Nansi Clement	American Ballet Theatre		10
Keith Beckett			11
Beryl Grey	Guest artist, The Royal Ballet		11
Christine			11
du Boulay	Teaching in Chicago		12
Joan Potter	London's Festival Ballet		12

Dancer You Will Know

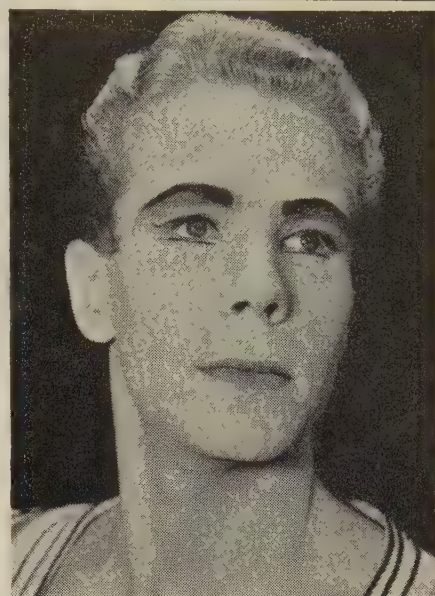


Photo: Keith Milland

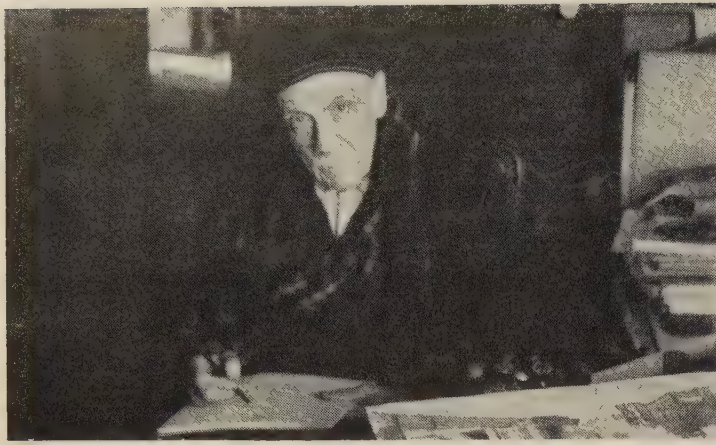
JOHN SALE

BORN in Worthing in 1934. Started training with the Royal Ballet School in 1948. Made his stage debut with the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden in 1952, and was appointed a listed soloist in 1957.

Rôles: *Peasant Pas de Deux* in *Giselle*; *Pas de Trois* and *Pas de Six* in *Swan Lake*; *Puss in Boots* and *Ivan in The Sleeping Beauty*; *Popular Song* in *Façade*; *Suitor* in *Cinderella*; *Pas de Six* in *Ondine*; *Earth Pas de Six* in *Homage to the Queen*; *Shepherd* in *Tiresias*; *Gendarme* in *Mam'zel'e Angot*; *Fish* in *The Prince of the Pagodas*; *Pierrot Pas de Trois* in *Ballabile*.

ONE of the comparatively many virtues of the current Covent Garden season has been the emergence of John Sale. He first attracted attention about four years ago when he appeared from blameless anonymity in the *corps de ballet* to dance in the *Swan Lake pas de six*. Unsensational, but perfectly adequate, one would have expected his appearance here to have been followed up quickly, but strangely it was not. Later he replaced Trecu in the *Fishes pas de quatre* and received one or two other minor rôles, all of which were capably discharged. Then came Ashton's *Ondine*, in which he was exceptionally good as one of the huntsmen, dancing so vigorously that his apparent neglect seemed surprising.

This season in the *Giselle pas de deux* and the *Swan Lake pas de trois* he has had a real opportunity to show his paces. To a very sound and well-balanced technique, he adds a notable *ballon*, excellent *double tours* and a likeable personality — which elsewhere shows up well in comedy. Since he has taken over both parts, the first of them at very short notice, he has improved markedly, yet still needs to develop more effective showmanship, which is largely a matter of experience. All of his dancing is assured, some of it is brilliant, and it would look even better if he appeared a little less diffident. A dancer of his ability has really no grounds for modesty.



Alexandre Benois 1870-1960

LAST PICTURE:
This must have been the last photograph taken of Alexandre Benois in his Paris studio shortly before he died. His recent book, *Memoirs*, will be reviewed next month.

Le Médecin Malgré Lui in 1924. In the intervening years he designed endlessly for operas and straight plays but in 1927 he became the principal designer of the ballet company belonging to Ida Rubinstein and for her his work was extremely varied, ranging as it did from *Les Noces de l'Amour de Psyche* through such works as *Le Baiser de la Fée* to *Bolero*.

In more recent years his most notable designing has been for *Graduation Ball*, *The Enchanted Mill* and Festival Ballet's *The Nutcracker*.

But whatever he designed it will be seen eventually that his innate sense of style and period and the deeper meaning of whatever work he undertook was so utterly right that come change of fashion and different approach to design, his work was the most basically sound of any designer this century has yet produced. I say "eventually" because there are today some of the younger generation who are apt to dismiss his work as being old-fashioned and pretty. The years, and their greater maturity, will prove just how wrong they are. His designs were masterpieces on their own and the only thing ever wrong with them is when they are executed in a slipshod way — alas, too often the case. It remains for those companies who still have his designs, namely the Royal Ballet who have *Les Sylphides* and *Petrushka* and London's Festival Ballet who have *Graduation Ball* and *The Nutcracker* to see that due reverence is observed in the reproduction of each of these works. That much is due to him as a memorial to his greatness, a greatness that can never be fully stressed.

Benois died in Paris whence he came to live after he left St. Petersburg in 1926 and where he held the position of Director of the Hermitage Picture Gallery. He loved France like a second home, yet his heart more truly remained in that remarkable city which Peter the Great built on a swamp.

P. W.

GOD, we are told, created the world, but who created God? Diaghilev, we know, was responsible for the form in which 20th century ballet was moulded, but who created Diaghilev? Well first and foremost his parents and then, as far as his artistic life was concerned, the main honours for this creation must go to Alexandre Benois. It was this remarkable man who guided the young Diaghilev through all the teething years of that famous company which came to Western Europe in the early years of this century and changed all our lives. His death on February 9 in Paris at the age of 90 has severed the last link with those people who gathered together in St. Petersburg in the early years of this century, founded a magazine, *The World of Art*, were responsible for exhibitions of Russian painting and concerts of Russian music and finally the Ballets Russes.

It was lucky for Diaghilev that at such an early stage in his career he had a mentor of such refinement, of such immense artistic knowledge and who also was such a fine artist in his own right. His guidance formed the very solid foundation upon which Diaghilev was able to build all that followed. Benois' love of Russia was unswerving and his recent book of *Memoirs* (published by Chatto & Windus, 30s.) is almost heartbreaking in its nostalgia for the St. Petersburg of his

first twenty years. It was therefore not unnatural that as Diaghilev moved away from the "Russian" aspect of his company and turned more and more towards the *École de Paris* that there should be the beginnings of a rift between them. From Benois' first book, *Reminiscences of the Russian Ballet*, one is apt to get the impression that the association ended in bitterness on Benois' part. However, just after the war I visited him in Paris and it seemed that by that time all signs of bitterness had long since departed and all that was left was wonder at the fact that Diaghilev had ever existed.

The importance of his contribution to the formation of the Diaghilev Ballet is apt to be overlooked in the world acclaim he received for his ballet designs. These were many and varied and they stretch well over fifty years. He brought tapestries to life in his *Pavilion d'Armide* (1907), he realised the essence of Romanticism in his *Les Sylphides* (1909) and his *Giselle* (1910). He culminated his first Diaghilev period with *Petrushka* in 1911 for which he was also mainly responsible for the idea and libretto. The remarkable thing is that nobody since has ever been able to approach the absolute rightness with which he invested his designing for these works. In 1914 he designed *Le Rossignol* Diaghilev and after that their association more or less finished apart from the opera

same class as Lane, yet she succeeded in giving the part a peculiar intensity, high-pitched and nervous, that was both touching and appealing. Patricia Dyer, in many respects a stronger dancer, never quite got to grips with the rôle's characterisation, although she gave some moderately effective performances.

In recent seasons *Laidrette* has been danced exclusively by Lucette Aldous. When she first assumed the rôle, she appeared somewhat too cute and winsome for my taste, but subsequently she developed her portrayal most impressively, and has made it into one of the best individual performances of the current Rambert repertory. Physically and technically she is the most akin to Lane, and she succeeded in expressing the pathos without over-stressing it. She has also made it a more subtle portrayal than any of her predecessors. Previously, for example, the moment at the end when her father hands her a mirror so that she can see her ugliness, has always appeared to be something of a dramatic excrement, if not an anti-climax. (Why, one felt, should she be so appalled at her baldness, when her earlier attempts to retain her mask, despite the importunate pleas of the Host, have made it only too clear that she recognises her own ugliness?) With Aldous

this moment is given a sense of recognition; she is not startled or appalled, she merely recognises herself as she has always been, and her final sobs have a hopeless desperation about them that is quite different from the shocked hysteria presented by the rôle's earlier interpreters.

The Host is a far less interesting part, and only David Poole, particularly when he repeated his original performance with the Rambert company, has been completely successful. There was a sympathetic warmth to his acting that made his rejection of *Laidrette* far more poignant. The other two Rambert Hosts, Ronald Yerrell and John Chesworth have both given the part a somewhat chilly hauteur which has proved effective.

Where, however, the Rambert production has lost over the years is in its minor parts. No one has succeeded in replacing Norman Dixon as the Mask-Seller, and the ballet misses a great deal without his malevolent presence, which brooded over the ballet like an evil genius. Nor have completely adequate replacements been found for the Guests of Ann Horn, Gillian Martlew and Selena Wylie, who had the most wonderful sense of poise and chic that contrasted heart-breakingly with the stubby, pitiful movements of *Laidrette*.

LAIDERETTE

Continued from page 23

other, makes a perfect background for fantasy.

Laidrette has, like most ballets worth their salt, been fortunate in its interpreters. The rôle of *Laidrette* was created by Maryon Lane, and was the second in the long chain of parts which MacMillan designed especially for her. Although, dancing it only once, she never had the opportunity to deepen or enlarge her initial portrayal, she has left an indelible impression on the ballet. Partly this is through that curiously symbiotic creative relationship that existed between this choreographer and dancer, so that anyone else in a MacMillan/Lane part will always run the risk of appearing to be attempting a physical imitation of Lane's extremely individual, almost idiosyncratic style. But this is less true of *Laidrette* than in the other ballets, for MacMillan made a number of choreographic revisions for the Rambert production. Even so the memory of Lane's agonised, little waif remains, and still sets the standard for her predecessors.

Temperamentally, the first Rambert *Laidrette*, Patricia Ashworth, was very different. Technically she was hardly in the

Dance and Dancers AT HOME

THE ROYAL BALLET

at Covent Garden

Students don't sink in "The Lake"

AFTER last year's joyful performance of *Coppélia* by the students of the Royal Ballet School, hopes were raised for their far more ambitious attempt this year — the full-length *Le Lac des Cygnes*. Possibly the hopes for this performance on March 19 were tinged with a certain amount of apprehension because whereas the *Delibes* ballet is the sort of romp which students can enter into with uninhibited gusto, the Tchaikovsky/Maryinsky classic is viewed with such reverence that we always imagine that it takes many years of preparation before it can even be approached.

Although many of the students had already appeared in the grown-up production at Covent Garden as supers, and the principals had been mainly culled from this senior group, Peggy Van Praagh had in fact only been rehearsing the students of the upper and lower school for a very few months.

It is as idiotic to go overboard about these performances just because they are given by boys and girls under the age of consent as it is to criticise them, as unfortunately a number of critics subsequently did, in the same light as an adult performance. These performances are literally full-scale exercises in stagecraft, a means of getting students on to the stage and providing them with all the amenities of an actual performance. That they have also proved to be good box-office is entirely by the way. In fact the more that students can be got on to the stage the better it will be for the future of British ballet, and the Royal Ballet's administration are to be congratulated on all the efforts they are making to bring this about.

The great thing about student performances is that everyone gives a performance with all their heart instead of it merely being all in the day's work as it invariably becomes with experienced professionals. Certainly I have never seen any British company give the first act of *Lac*, usually so dreary, with such enthusiasm and understanding. Everywhere you looked there were groups of peasants who seemed to be doing something rather than standing around in unfidy heaps. They looked just like people gathered together to enjoy their Prince's birthday party and I thought the way in which the girls presented Siegfried with garlands of flowers quite charming and unaffected.

Another innovation was the way in which the dancers for the *Pas de Six* and *Pas de Trois* came on and off. Instead of coming on from the wings and going straight into their dance, they came on, asked permission to dance, danced, then stayed on stage for a while after they had finished. This integrated these numbers into the ballet as a whole rather than making them appear to be just an interpolated *divertissement* thrown in to keep the ballet jogging along. The six dancers in the former number gave it all with assurance and style and the three boys — Austin Bennett, Anthony Dowell and Gary Sherwood — lagged very little behind any of the boys we have ever seen in the big company. In the *Pas de Trois*, the boy, a Belgian called Karl Werlander, had great aplomb and fine elevation and could safely be put with his more experienced colleagues without letting anyone down. Of



CINDERELLA ON TV: Two scenes from Granada's 75 minute production of the Ashton/Prokofiev *Cinderella* which the Royal Ballet gave on television on April 13. Above, Margot Fonteyn, in the title rôle, dreaming by the fireside in Act 1. Below, the Prince (Michael Somes) with Cinderella (Fonteyn) at the ball in Act 2. In the background is Annette Page as the Fairy Godmother. This important production will be reviewed in full with many pictures next month.

Photos: Granada.



the girls I particularly liked the one who did the second variation, whom I took to be Phyllis Spira; she had a look of Markova and a rare quality in one so young.

Of the lesser principals, Imogen Hassall made a stately and most plausible Princess-Mother, David Gordon a jovial old tutor Wolfgang, who also managed to introduce some new business into his rôle, while Vivian Dodds scored a distinct hit as the peasant girl who dances with the old man and brings about his tumble.

Richard Farley as Benno and Bryan Lawrence as Prince Siegfried have to be considered in a slightly different light to the rest as they are more seeded players with the big company, though taking over these rôles for the first time. Farley's Benno was a light sketch — sincere but none too clearly defined as yet. Bryan Lawrence, on the other hand, seemed to have got a very definite idea as to the Prince's character and behaviour in this act. While there are decided rough edges, he presented a very masculine Siegfried who had enjoyed life up to the point when he is told that he must settle down and choose a wife. His relationship with all around him was perfectly natural.

Praise is due to Peggy Van Praagh for having produced everyone and every incident so well. She had kept the silhouette of the usual Covent Garden production while adding many touches that made it a silhouette of far deeper intensity.

It is possibly easier for young people with not much stage experience to carry off the first act than it is for them to get away with the second, which relies almost entirely on technical ability. Taken all in all the thirty *corps de ballet* swans put up a very creditable display. They lacked the ultimate precision that their more experienced sisters now display but they danced with feeling and would have been no discredit to a usual theatre performance.

The two leading swans — Betty Kavanagh and Janet Lewis — were particularly good and the tallest of them (unfortunately I don't know which she was) had a beautiful line and good elevation. Although we must all be used by now to the hysterical applause that greets the dance of the four little cygnets, I was rather surprised at its excessiveness on this occasion, particularly as it was none too well given. It was not until I looked at my programme in the interval that I realised that they were from the lower school at White Lodge. In the circumstances it could be said that they got through it without mishap, were gaining stage experience and obviously found favour with their public.

The old Maryinsky practice of having one dancer for Odette and another for Odile was resorted to, presumably to give two dancers a chance and also to let an untried dancer off such an arduous dual rôle. Here the Odette was Georgina Parkinson, a soloist of the Covent Garden company. Nothing that this dancer had done before quite prepared me for her imperious quality and the grandeur of her movements. She looked breathtakingly beautiful — very like a young Tumanova with big dark eyes and an oval face. In the *adagio* she was exceedingly lyrical, all her movements flowing through into the next without any of those punctuation marks often apparent in the work of more experienced dancers, and she has a lovely high *arabesque*. Moreover, she acted all the changing emotions of this act with great conviction — fear, sorrow and love. Altogether I found her exciting and moving and this performance may well light the spark which I have felt her work

needed to push her further than the stage of just being a competent and beautiful soloist. Lawrence's partnering was careful and, at times, hesitant, and this may possibly be his temporary Achilles heel. It will doubtless be rectified when he has had more experience.

Odile, in the third act, was danced by Shirley Grahame, who only had a week's notice owing to the fact that she had to replace Debra Wayne, who was originally cast and rehearsed for this rôle. Grahame is a very finished technician but somehow the brilliance of Odile seemed to elude her. Not for one second was I convinced that here was an evil creature all wiles and seductions. Instead of those wretched thirty-two *fouettes* she did a *grand manège* which robbed the *pas de deux* of some of its excitement. However, there was a good deal of excitement in Bryan Lawrence's dancing — in his *jetés* he soared through the air and he turned well even if the finish of his *tours en l'air* were a bit untidy. Moreover he acted this difficult act with suitable melancholy until Odile's entrance, when it turned to ecstasy. Altogether a very mature performance for a first attempt.

The character dances in this act were less impressive than might have been imagined and were romped through rather than given with the style and dignity that such dances have when given by nobility in Courts. This was not so much the fault of the students as of the teaching, because neither the *Czardas* nor the *Mazurka* have ever really been given by the Royal Ballet with

any true sense of style. Lawrence Ruffell made a good attempt at Grant's rôle in the Neapolitan dance.

This student performance emphasised something that has always seemed to me to be quite idiotic about this production. Why do the Court ladies always have to walk around with both arms outstretched to the side? They look as ridiculous as I know they must feel. It is a position of the arms without any sense whatsoever.

In the last act, Georgina Parkinson underlined the favourable impression she had created in the second, and Lawrence's partnering seemed more assured. All the dancers managed to convey the melancholy of this very "minor" apotheosis to a four-act ballet.

All in all this whole performance, vociferously received by a mainly sub-teenage audience, amply justified all the work that had been put into it. There looked to me to be a great deal of talent about to chip its way out of the Baron's Court egg. My only prayer is that having achieved a success with *Le Lac des Cygnes*, somebody does not go and think it might be a good idea to put on a student *The Sleeping Beauty* with a different Aurora in each act.

P. W.

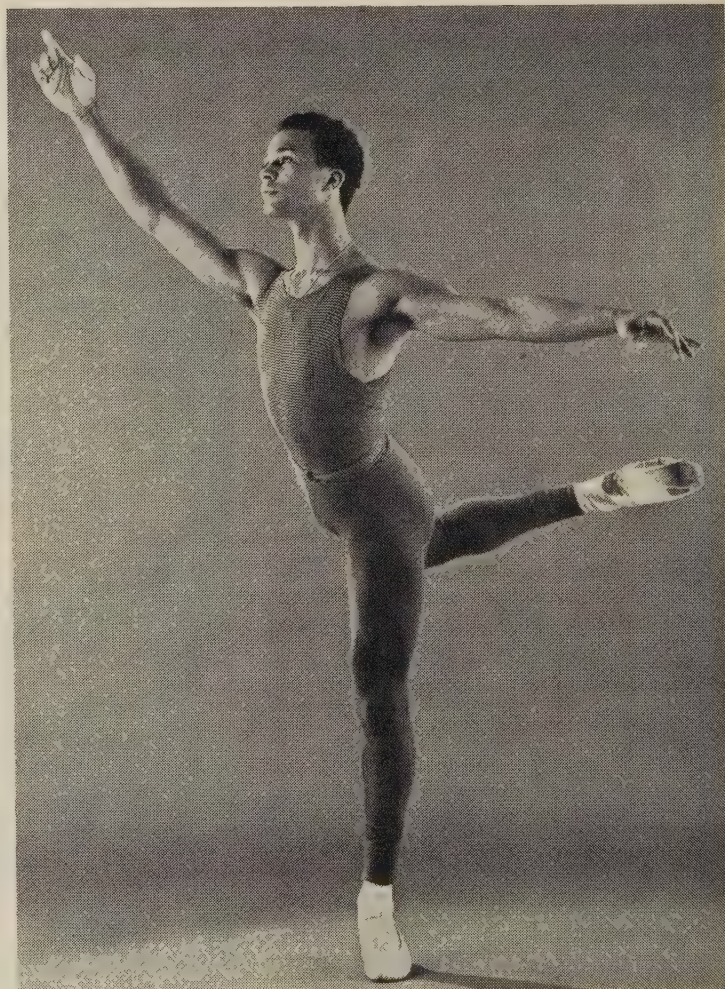
Seymour Moves In

SEEING Lynn Seymour dance Odette/Odile with the touring section of the Royal Ballet in Woolwich a few months ago, I was instantly struck by how much she had improved on her first Covent Garden attempt at the rôle last May. But

BILLY WILSON, the Negro dancer and singer who was previously in West Side Story, will be one of the small cast of artists appearing in John Cranko's next revue, New Cranks, due at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, at the end of April. Wilson has recently danced with the Nederlands Ballet and created the rôle of Othello in Lifar's ballet of the same name. He scored the greatest success in that work.

Photo:

Robert Belton.





LA SYLPHIDE: Recently Elsa Marianne von Rosen was responsible for a new revival of Bournonville's *La Sylphide*. She has made a number of discoveries about the old ballet and her revival includes certain features that are not in the version given at Copenhagen's Royal Theatre. Now she is to revive the ballet for Ballet Rambert and it will be given during their forthcoming Sadler's Wells season. The pictures above, from the production her group has successfully toured through Scandinavia, shows her and Vladimir Skouratoff (left) and three of the corps de ballet on the right.

Photo: Mydiskov.

in Woolwich, despite the valiant and rewarding efforts of her solicitous Siegfried, Desmond Doyle, the performance as a whole by the rest of the company was tired and somewhat tattered. These were certainly no circumstances in which to meet an aspirant ballerina, and it was consequently almost doubly pleasurable to find her again dancing Odette/Odile with the main company at Covent Garden on the afternoon of March 12.

Seymour is a difficult dancer to write about, for it would be easy to over-enthusiase about her extremely individual qualities, and equally easy to place too much emphasis on technical flaws that in fact detract a lot less from her total performance than might be expected. The odd thing is that these flaws, principally her uncertain footwork, have a strange, coltish attractiveness and even seem to play a part in her individual style. The danger here is that her occasional laziness of execution merges so naturally with her rhapsodic quality of movement that she may find it difficult to separate between the two, and to retain that incentive of technical advance without which no young dancer can completely fulfil herself.

Having produced that bromide, I can now go on to say that her performance thrilled me through and through. The need to hold on to our hats need not prevent us from judiciously tossing them in the air to salute a most remarkable performance. Her portrayal is almost precociously mature, and she conveys a depth of tragic feeling unusual in one so young, added to which is the rare combination of warmth and grandeur. Yet let me here, in best parliamentary language, declare my interest — I love Seymour's dancing, and I love most of all her musical sensitivity that permits her not only to sweep imperiously through crochets and quavers, but more importantly grasp with instinctive feeling at the music's spirit. I am, in brief, a fan.

David Blair, having already outstripped

all British *danseur noble* of the past, with the problematical exceptions of Simon Slingsby and Anton Dolin (who's Simon Slingsby?), now seems happily engaged in building up his lead. Appearing with Seymour for the first time, his dancing and partnering were beautiful in their clarity and assurance. Blair has also improved as a total artist recently, and his whole interpretation of Prince Siegfried is fast developing. He is not a prince to be found palely loitering, and his version of Romantic feeling is exuberantly Byronic — which makes an interesting change.

The *pas de trois* on this occasion made a kind of history by becoming for the first time, certainly in my experience, a *pas de quatre*, when Debra Wayne, having collapsed off-stage, was replaced in the *coda* by a mysteriously materialising Shirley Grahame. Apart from this the *pas de trois* proved notable for some neat dancing by Doreen Wells and particularly John Sale, while the *pas de six* was led vigorously by Georgina Parkinson and Keith Rosson.

Christine Beckley and Shirley Grahame made a particularly eloquent and well-balanced pair of Swan Leaders, jumping with delightful freedom and in perfect unison. In the third act it was pleasant to welcome back Pirmin Trecu after his illness, and also to see Johaar Mosaval making one of his unhappily rare appearances with the company in the Neapolitan Dance. Partnering Grahame — who was all but dancing a full-length rôle that afternoon — Mosaval gave the part an unusual delicacy, quite unlike Grant's bouyancy, together with an Italianate verve.

C. B.

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET At Golders Green Hippodrome

LURED to the Golders Green Hippodrome on the afternoon of March 3, by the prospect of wholesale cast changes, I found myself watching *Les Sylphides* amidst a gaggle of schoolgirls, who I trust enjoyed it more than I did. Neither Deirdre O'Conaire nor Jelko Yuresha really had the measure of the ballet, even though they

both danced well. O'Conaire was shown to far better advantage as Taglioni in the *Pas de Quatre*, where her individual style and a neatly under-scored sense of humour were both admirable. She was, however, given little assistance from Dianne Richards or Pamela Hart, although there was a certain unfledged promise about Gaye Fulton.

Variations for Four must be one of the most diabolically difficult ballets ever created for male dancers, and Festival Ballet are now to be congratulated on putting a second cast out in it. In a sense the remarkable thing was not that it was done well, but that it was done at all, and nothing could be more eloquent of the strength of the company's male dancers in contrast with their girls. Ben Stevenson in Gilpin's rôle revealed once more that he is among the most remarkable and promising young male dancers in the country. His splendid style and assurance, his beautiful but always virile classical line, more than compensated for any deficiencies in his *allegro* work. At present there is a surprising mixture of the coltish and mature in his dancing; for one revelatory moment at the beginning I thought he was going to out-dance Gilpin in the rôle, but, not unexpectedly, that moment soon passed.

Barry McGrath — previously nothing more than a name to me — gave an always enthusiastic and occasionally exciting performance of Prokovsky's variation, showing off some extremely clean *entrechats*. The elegant Ivan Baptie and the nimble Max Natiez were rather less successful, although Natiez produced a few sensational jumps.

Wolfgang Brunner's new, and oddly named, *Grand Pas de Deux Royal* for Belinda Wright and Jelko Yuresha suffered equally from its undistinguished music by Fockt — whoever he may be — and its unmemorable choreography. It featured a number of very taxing lifts, and its neo-classical, Lifaesque style presented its dancers with more difficulties than opportunities. Wright, however, seemed as piquant as ever, and the spirited Yuresha showed up far better here than in *Les Sylphides*.

C. B.

Dance and Dancers

FRANCE

THE PARIS OPERA

ON March 4, the Opéra devoted an entire evening to the compositions of Maurice Ravel. With *L'Heure espagnole* and *Daphnis and Chloë*, the programme featured a new production of *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*. We still remember the version of this which was staged at the Opéra in 1939, with Paul Colin's restrained and faintly symbolic costumes. Then Lifar, its choreographer and producer, distributed the singers, with the exceptions of the Mother and Child, in the orchestra pit, having them doubled by dancers on the stage.

Michel Crochot, who has directed the present production, has preferred to mingle singers and dancers on stage; both clad in identical costumes. This procedure is always fraught with danger because the physique of a singer so rarely resembles that of a dancer. But on this occasion, due to carefully studied costumes, there was no such disaster.

However, while we must commend the brilliant quality of Manuel Rosenthal's musical direction, we must also express our regrets that the visual side of the production was infinitely less inspired. Designed by François Ganeau, the décors and costumes have been conceived in a too traditional and realistic style. The colours, either dull or aggressive, har-

monise badly in general, and thus the overall picture is scarcely satisfying. Crochot's production and Michel Descombey's choreography appear equally commonplace and without either highlights or invention. Nothing is more difficult to transpose to the stage than the atmosphere of a dream of childhood — in this case as evoked by Colette and Ravel. It demands a poet: Bérard perhaps, or Cocteau, could have saved it. Jacqueline Rayet and Attilio Labis conferred grace to the banal movements they had been given, despite the fact that they had been afflicted by frightful decorated tights.

THE OPERA-COMIQUE

ON March 11, Dirk Sander's *L'Emprise* was danced for the first time at the Opéra-Comique. This work, to a score by Georges Delerue and décor by François Ganeau, was created at the Enghien Festival on May 31, 1957. Once again, Claire Sombert brought her elegance, experience and assurance to her portrait of the young girl. Youly Algaroff as the hunted man, used his expressive face to depict most vividly the atmosphere of tragedy and anguish required by the action of this long dramatic *pas de deux*. Without denying the merits of this work, once again we can only regret that the works of Roland Petit and Janine Charrat are still not represented in the repertoire of our second national lyric theatre.

CHOREOGRAPHERS AT WORK : 1

LEONIDE MASSINE rehearsing his daughter, Tatiana, and watched by his son, Leonide jr., and Milorad Miskovitch, for his ballet *Comedia Umana*, which is being given at this year's Festival of Nervi (Genoa) in July. Photo: Lido.



ABROAD

Following an accident to Ninon Leberte, the première of Peter Van Dijk's *La Peau de Chagrin* was once again postponed, and was to be given on April 1.

THE IVORY COAST DANCE ENSEMBLE

THE Théâtre des Nations' fourth season opened under the sign of Africa on March 15 in the presence of numerous personalities belonging to the worlds of culture and politics, notably Ministers of State, MM. André Malraux and Félix Houphouët-Boigny. Coming direct from the steamy plains of tropical Africa, this newly-formed company gave its first theatrical performance on the Paris stage.

Its first programme is satisfactory enough, and one can look forward into the future with the hope that the qualities shown at its début will be developed. Despite the inevitable transpositions and adaptations required by the laws of the theatre, it managed to retain much original spontaneity and simplicity. Produced by Albert Botbol and directed by G. Coffi-Gadeau, the spectacle strives to present a living, popular art. From the rise of curtain, the varied rhythms of obsessive tom-toms and the curious sonorities of native instruments suggested the atmosphere. Turn by turn scenes depicting everyday life in the market place alternated with war dances, such as *Beteyo et Atchocho*. Especially interesting was a little character dance which presented with freshness the rites of marriage, divorce and birth, a veritable tableau of life in the Ivory Coast, with dialogue, at one moment in French, and at the next in the native tongue, interwoven into the songs and dances.

The birth of twins led to general rejoicings in Yaounda. But the key item is undoubtedly *Adjémélé*, which is performed by seven dancers clad in loin-cloths and raffia tiaras, with pieces of clinking metal adorning their ankles. Extremely well produced, this item with its complex stamping and heel rhythms, was executed with a masculine ardour. The well-blended mixture of sacred and profane elements, plus the fiery exertions and the sincerity of the numerous performers contributed to the success of this evening of folk-lore.

NEWS IN BRIEF

ON his return from Finland, Serge Lifar organised a lecture demonstration in the Great Hall of the Sorbonne on February 23. Numerous illustrations were followed by a short address. Yvette Chauviré, assisted by Lucien Duthoit, brought extracts from *Istar* (d'Indy/Lifar) to life in a most moving fashion, while Josette Amiel and Youly Algaroff danced excerpts from Act 2 of *Giselle*. Then Joan Cadzow and Gérard Ohn danced *Romeo and Juliet* (Tchaikovsky/Lifar), Claire Sombert danced *Aubade* (Poulenc/Lifar), while Lifar himself performed *L'Après-midi d'un faune*.

ON March 5, at Cannes, the International Ballet of the Marquis de Cuevas staged *Tryptique* by Edward Caten; a new work in three scenes and inspired by Botticelli. Rosella Hightower danced Primavera in the first scene and the Virgin Mary in the final episode (The Annunciation), with Nicholas Polajenko, who appeared as both Mercury and the Archangel Gabriel.

Marie-Françoise Christout.

DANCE AND DANCERS

GEORGIAN STATE DANCERS

THE Georgian State Dance Company, which made its American debut at the Metropolitan Opera House under the auspices of impresario Sol Hurok as part of the official Cultural Exchange Programme between the United States and the Soviet Union, is the same dance group that appeared recently in London. Prior to this, a large male contingent of this company appeared in Sol Hurok's Soviet Festival at Madison Square Garden last July. What was a highlight then still remains so, with the greatest excitement being caused by the two rousing numbers wherein the men dance rather furiously on their toes in soft, glove-like boots. This, plus their spins and turns on their knees, won them an ovation from the first-night audience. Nevertheless, this reviewer's opinion, which is a decidedly minority one, it may be added, remains the same. Namely, it is distasteful to see men dance on their toes. Furthermore, after witnessing the Moiseyev and Beryozka dancers it may be that we have reached a saturation point in Russian folk dance for the time being. After the Bolshoi Ballet, certainly, a folk dance group appears more limited in style and range on the stage and, perhaps, just a bit monotonous.

A NEW BUTTERFLY FOR NEW YORK CITY BALLET

THE New York City Ballet opened its Spring Season on March 29, and the highlight of its opening night was the world premiere of a delightful new *Pas de Deux* by George Balanchine for Violette Verdy and Conrad Ludlow that was set to unfamiliar music by Tchaikovsky originally composed for *Swan Lake* but later dropped from the final version.

Speaking once on ballet, George Balanchine said, "Ballet to me is like butterflies — I like to see new ones each year. The life of a ballet is not very long. A ballet lives two years and then it is nice to see something new." This new *pas de deux*, certainly, is one of this choreographer's most lovely "butterflies" and it makes full use of Violette Verdy's style, lyricism and speed. What's more, she was partnered gallantly and handsomely (if a bit tentatively) by Conrad Ludlow, one of the rising new male talents in the company. Karinska designed a pale pink costume with an uneven long skirt for Violette Verdy that was quite ravishing in movement. All that marred its elegance was the addition of a mane-like spray of pink blossoms that she wore in her hair. Conrad Ludlow was dressed simply in light blue and it would indeed be difficult to picture a more engaging pair of young dancers more suited to each other.

Michael Lland, of American Ballet Theatre, has joined the New York City Ballet, as have Gloria Govrin, Leslie Ruchala, Philip Salem, Ellen Shire, Charles Bennett, Lois Bewley, Zbigniew J. Cichocki and Nadine Reven. Missing this season are Dorothy Scott, Diane Consoer, Marian Horosko, Eugene Tanner and Kenneth Petersen.

The major work of this company's season, *The Figure in the Carpet*, choreographed by George Balanchine, was premiered on April 13, too late for review in this issue. However, this and the company's season as a whole will be reported in our June issue.

NEW YORK CITY BALLET FILM

THE New York City Ballet is slated to return to Japan in the Spring of 1951



HERBERT ROSS (above) lifting his wife, Nora Kaye, during a rehearsal of his ballet *Serenade for Seven*, which is being given by Ballet Theatre during their Anniversary Season at the Met. in New York. They are watched by Tommy Rall.

CHOREOGRAPHERS AT WORK: 2

BIRGIT CULLBERG (below) rehearsing Ruth Ann Koesun, Glen Tetley, Lupe Serrano in her *Lady from the Sea*, based on Ibsen, which will also be given by Ballet Theatre during their Met. season.





GOWER CHAMPION (above) rehearsing dancers for the new musical *Bye Bye Birdie*, which was due to open in New York in mid-April. The famous dancer has staged the show as well as doing the choreography. Photo: Friedman-Abeles.

CHOREOGRAPHERS AT WORK: 3

HANYA HOLM (below) rehearsing actress Maureen O'Hara, and watched by Laurie Archer, Mai-Len and Jonalee Sanford, for the new musical *Christine*, due to open in New York during April. Hanya Holm is also one of the most famous Modern Dance choreographers. Photo: Friedman-Abeles.



under the auspices of impresario Paul Szilard. It is planned for the company to divide an eight-week season between Japan and the Philippines. Upon completion of this, the entire company is to appear in a film whose writing and filming will be supervised by Lincoln Kirstein and George Balanchine. Plans for the script for this full-length feature are now under discussion and it has been announced that this will *not* be a documentary film.

GREENWILLOW

THE long-awaited musical version of B. J. Chute's tender and endearing novel developed into another routine Broadway musical with the possible exception of Joe Layton's choreography and Peter Larkin's settings. Joe Layton, who was responsible for the new dances created for the off-Broadway revival of *On the Town* last year, has provided two major dance numbers for *Greenwillow* that are notable and commendable. The first, *Halloweve*, is a fantasy ballet with ghosts and hobgoblins and the delightful presence of seven year-old John Megna, one of the most effervescent child performers seen in New York in seasons. The second work, *The Spring Courting*, which reminded some more than a bit of sections of *Appalachian Spring*, featured Grover Dale, a strikingly gifted dancer. Noteworthy, too, were the *ensemble* dancers that included Jere Admire, Don Atkinson, Estelle Aza, Joan Coddington, Ethelyne Dunfee, Richard Englund, David Gold, Margery Gray, Mickey Gunnerson, Patsi King, Jack Leigh, Nancy Van Rhein and Jimmy White.

DANCE AT JULLIARD

THE Julliard School of Music presented two programmes of dance on four evenings in mid-April, too late for review this month. Antony Tudor, Director of Julliard's ballet division, was in charge of the ballet programme that presented students and alumni in his own *A Choreographer Comments*, to music by Franz Schubert, and *Little Improvisations*, to music by Robert Schumann. Also presented during this ballet evening were *The Clowns*, choreographed by Gilbert Reed to music by Benjamin Britten, and *The Seasons*, choreographed by La Méri to music by Antonio Vivaldi. The modern dance evenings highlighted the world première of José Limón's *Barren Sceptre*, to music by Gunther Schuller and danced by Limon and Pauline Koner. On the same programme were *Toccata*, choreographed by Ruth Currier and set to music by Henry Cowell, danced by members of the José Limón Company. Students and alumni of Julliard's Dance Department appeared in Doris Humphrey's *Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor*, to music by Johann Sebastian Bach.

MET. CANCELS WORKSHOP EVENING

FIVE ballets, which were in rehearsal since early January in the Metropolitan Opera's Ballet Workshop and due for presentation before an invited audience on April 10, were cancelled two weeks before this date. Although the management has not set a new date for the presentation of this advanced rehearsal in practice clothes without scenery and props, it is likely now that this long-awaited programme will not be mounted until early autumn. What sounded like an intensely interesting programme would have included *Le Pavillon d'Armide*, choreographed by Alexandra

Danilova from the Fokine original, *Les Sylphides*, by Fokine, as re-created by Antony Tudor, *Pointes on Jazz*, choreographed by Dania Krupska to an original jazz score for two pianos composed by Dave Brubeck, *Images in Five*, choreographed by Thomas Andrew to music by Edward Elgar, as well as an untitled ballet by Dirk Sanders to music by Johann Sebastian Bach.

NEW ROBBINS' BALLET

COLUMBIA Broadcasting Studios are negotiating with Jerome Robbins and Leonard Bernstein to create a ballet version of *The Dybbuk* for presentation on a coast-to-coast network next autumn. It is understood that this broadcasting network has offered Jerome Robbins and Leonard Bernstein between \$30,000 and \$35,000 for their joint services in this collaboration.

VIEWS ON COPYRIGHTING CHOREOGRAPHY

UNDER the projected revision of the Copyright Act it may well be possible for choreographers to copyright their works if they "represent original creations of authorship by which a story, theme or emotional concept is conveyed to an audience". Agnes de Mille, who has long been championing the much-needed protection for creative choreographers, claims, in a recent issue of *Variety*, the theatrical trade paper, that "choreography is neither drama nor story-telling. It is a separate art. It is an arrangement in time-space, using human bodies as its unit of design. It may or may not be dramatic and tell a story. In the same way that some music tells a story or fits a 'programme', some dances tell stories — but the greater part of music does not, and the greater part of dancing does not."

"I think the copyright must be based on the principle and not on the quality or type of performance," continues Agnes de Mille. "The moment money is received for dancing, the author of the dance steps should receive a royalty. This principle, I believe, applies to all the arts." Quite an opposite view, however, is taken by Lincoln Kirstein, director of the New York City Ballet, who states that "there are not two choreographers to a generation whose works are of a quality to be stolen from". Aside from the fact that he has evaded the issue, it is indeed interesting to speculate as to exactly which two choreographers Mr. Kirstein deems worthy of copyright protection.

BALLET THEATRE IN CUBA AND AT THE MET.

AERICAN Ballet Theatre opened a sold-out house in Havana, Cuba, on March 29, and a queue stretching around the block clamoured for standing room on the first night of the company's six-day engagement. Fidel Castro sent Lucia Chase four dozen red roses in welcome, a rather sharp turn-about from his current expressions on Americans.

After the company's return from Cuba, they rehearsed two weeks more in preparation for their April 19 Gala Premiere of American Ballet Theatre's Twentieth Anniversary Season at the Metropolitan Opera House. This event and the two American premières will be reported in our June issue.

MARTHA GRAHAM'S SEASON

MARTHA GRAHAM and her Dance Company commenced their two-week season on April 25 at the 54th Street

Theatre with the full-evening length *Clytemnestra* as the programme for the Gala Opening. *Acrobats of God*, with music by Carlos Surinach and settings by Isamu Noguchi, was premiered on April 27 and *Alceste* (the title as we go to press), with music by Vivian Fine and settings by Noguchi, was given its first performance on April 29. All of these, as well as the repertoire, will be reported next month.

THREE NEW MUSICALS

AS noted in last month's issue, *Christine*, with choreography by Hanya Holm, *Bye Bye, Birdie*, directed and choreographed by Gower Champion, and *From A to Z*, with dances by Ray Harrison, opened on Broadway in mid-April. The dances for these musicals will also be reviewed next month.

Arthur Todd.



NEW BROADWAY MUSICALS: Above, Johan McMartin, Ray James and Elmarie Wendel in a scene from Little Mary Sunshine, the new musical for which Ray Harrison did the choreography.

Photo: Friedman-Abeles.

Below, a dance scene from the first act of Greenwillow, the new musical starring Tony Perkins and which has been choreographed by Joe Layton.

Photo: Fred Fehl.



BALLET-IN-THE-ROUND

Continued from page 15

diagonal patterns, it remained almost sensationally uninteresting.

All of the other ballets had been adapted to their new circumstances to a greater or lesser extent — and a few of the crowd movements in *Violent Rhythm* were infinitely more theatrical than when it was first produced at Sunday Ballet Club. However, the puerile theme and mediocre music had naturally not been changed, and Norman Dixon's own performance as the coloured boy remained curiously cold and unaffected.

The two best ballets shown were unquestionably *Voice in the Wilderness* and *The Cord*, although whether this means that they were consequently the "most suitable", I am not sure. *Voice in the Wilderness* had been trimmed and clarified, and in many ways it is still Dixon's most promising work. Choreographically derivative, with many echoes of Gore and Tudor and one apparently straight crib from Balanchine's *Night Shadow*, it now tells its story of a schizophrenic sex-murderer with far more clarity than before. The apotheosis at the end left me a little uneasy, not least in its reminiscences of Lifar's *Romeo and Juliet*, yet the work makes interesting use of its Ernest Bloch music, contains a finely frenzied performance by Norman Dixon as the young man, and a good portrayal by Selena Wylie as the ideal woman he loves and strangles.

The Cord has been given a new, explicit ending, and generally tightened up. The theme of overpowering mother-love is a good one for ballet, and seemed well-suited to the intimate conditions of the theatre. The faults are here choreographic; there is far too much padding (possibly to fill out the existing Ernst Toch score) and far too little genuinely expressive dancing. Dixon is apt here to over-state his dance characterisation — in the first scene the Mother gets into such a frenzy over her son being late from school that her neurotic anxiety passes

the level of credibility. Equally the Peter Pan nature of the Young Man is over-pitched beyond the point of caricature. Patricia Ashworth gave a strong performance as the tigerish matriarch, but Dixon himself was no more successful than Gary Burne, the part's creator, in making her son a believable character, while Jane Evans as the girl he falls in love with, lacked the spring-like freshness of Antoinette Sibley.

6. What are the future prospects for this company either in the round or the flat?

P.W.: As the repertory stands at the moment I would say there is not a great future in either dimension. Apart from Gilbert's *Street Song*, all the works are by Norman Dixon and he is not as yet a strong enough choreographer to sustain a whole programme. Not even Balanchine can really get away with this. So it seems apparent that a lot of re-thinking and re-planning will have to be done. On the other hand there is a crying need for some small group that can play in places where big companies cannot penetrate so that a really good company of this sort would prove to be very valuable if it can bring ballet to village halls and small communities. But it is no good taking bad ballet to these places because that might do the cause immeasurable harm for ever. Not that what we saw

at the Pembroke Theatre was bad; it was just not good enough to become ballet's ambassador in remote places.

C.B.: A company of good dancers with something new and fresh to say can always make their own prospects. The twelve dancers of Dixon's company were well-trained, the whole venture having a welcome air of professionalism about it, and there was much that I personally admired in their aims and aspirations. On the other hand, in my quite possibly minority opinion, there was not one ballet presented really worthy of a professional repertory. Two of these works, although sub-standard, are in fact equal to many, many ballets that nevertheless are in repertories, and if these could be carried by three or four better ballets all could be well. Critics are often notoriously short-sighted. Before the war a large number of my senior colleagues under-estimated Antony Tudor, and time will tell if I am under-estimating Norman Dixon. While being human enough to enjoy being proved right, I also remain human enough to want to be proved wrong. However, as I see it, although Dixon has shown choreographic promise, he has a long way to go before he can make virtually a complete repertory from his ballets. And this is the basic difficulty facing his company.

COVER STORIES

This month's front cover is of Maurice Béjart and Michele Seigneuret in *Orphée*, in which three-act ballet they will be appearing during the season of Ballet from the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Sadler's Wells from April 18 to 23.

BÉJART was born in Marseilles in 1928 and became a pupil of the Opéra there. In 1945 he went to Paris where he was a pupil of Staats. After tours with various companies until 1949, he joined International Ballet in England for a year. Later he joined the Royal Swedish Ballet.

In 1955 he formed Les Ballets de l'Etoile in Paris and in the following year created his now famous *Symphonie pour un Homme Seul* to musique concrète. Since then he has toured his company over the world and created numerous works of very unusual interest which amount to some of the most startling ballets of our time.

SEIGNEURET is a French dancer who was awarded the Prix René Blum in 1955 and her performance in *Symphonie pour un Homme Seul* has brought her international fame. Since then she has created most of the leading rôles in Béjart ballets.

Ballet Dates

THE ROYAL BALLET at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

April

- 16 (M) *La Fête Etrange, Le Baiser de la Fée, Les Rendezvous*
- 18 *Ballabile, Antigone, Pineapple Poll*
- 21 *Ballabile, Le Baiser de la Fée, La Fête Etrange*
- 23 (E) *Les Rendezvous, Giselle* (Fonteyn, Somes)
- 25 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes)
- 28 *La Valse, La Fête Etrange, Petrushka*
- 30 (M) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Linden, Somes)
- 30 (E) *Ballabile, La Fille Mal Gardée* (Park, Blair)

May

- 3 *La Valse, La Fille Mal Gardée* (Nerina, Blair)
- 6 *Petrushka, Les Rendezvous, Antigone*
- 7 (M) *Petrushka, Les Rendezvous, Le Baiser de la Fée*
- 7 (E) *Les Sylphides, Le Baiser de la Fée, Firebird*
- 9 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes)
- 11 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Grey, Ashbridge)
- 12 *La Valse, Giselle* (Beriosova, MacLeary)
- 17 *Antigone, Les Sylphides, Le Baiser de la Fée*
- 18 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Grey, Ashbridge)
- 21 (M) *Scènes de Ballet, La Fille Mal Gardée* (Park, Blair)
- 26 *Antigone, Les Sylphides, Le Baiser de la Fée*

- 28 (M) *Scènes de Ballet, La Fille Mal Gardée* (Nerina, Blair)
- 28 (E) *Scènes de Ballet, Giselle* (Grey, Ashbridge)

June

- 3 *Scènes de Ballet, La Fille Mal Gardée* (Nerina, Blair)
- 4 (M) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Page, Hynd)
- 4 (E) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Beriosova, MacLeary)
- 6 *Giselle* (Nerina, Blair)
- 10 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Nerina, Blair)
- 11 (M) *The Sleeping Beauty* (Page, Hynd)
- 11 (E) *The Sleeping Beauty* (Beriosova, MacLeary)

APRIL BALLET RAMBERT

- 18 The White Rock Pavilion, Hastings
- 25 The Wimbledon Theatre, Wimbledon

May

- 2 The Theatre Royal, Exeter
- 9 The Granada Theatre, Slough
- 16 The Civic Theatre, Chesterfield
- 23 The Theatre Royal, Norwich
- July 18 The Sadler's Wells Theatre, London (2 weeks)

August

- 1 The Devon Festival, Barnstaple

BALLET FROM THE THEATRE DE LA MONNAIE, BRUSSELS

(Combined with the Maurice Béjart company, the Janine Charrat company, and the Western Theatre Ballet)

at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, April London

- 18 *Le Sacre du Printemps* (Béjart), *Oedipus Rex* (Wells Opera)
- 19 *Orphée* (full-length Béjart ballet)
- 20, 21 *Symphonie Concertante* (Charrat), *The Prisoners* (Western Theatre Ballet), *Grieg Concerto* (Charrat), *Le Sacre du Printemps* (Béjart)
- 22 *Les Algues* (Charrat), *Symphonie pour un Homme Seul* (Béjart), *Le Sacre du Printemps* (Béjart)
- 23 (M & E) *Orphée* (Béjart)

HARLEQUIN BALLET at The Great Hall, Queen Mary College (formerly The People's Palace), Mile End Road, London on April 30 at 7.30 p.m.

STARS OF THE BOLSHOI BALLET

at the Royal Albert Hall, London, from June 27 to July 3

INTERNATIONAL FESTIVALS

PARIS: Théâtre des Nations at the Théâtre Sarah-Bernhardt, May 11-15. The Brussels Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie in Béjart's *Le Sacre du Printemps*, etc. Folk Dance Companies include: Mali and the Ivory Coast (March 15-27), Greece (April 27-30), India (May 2-5), South Korea (May 25-27), Turkey (June 22-25). **COPENHAGEN:** Royal Danish Ballet and Music Festival, May 17 to 31. Repertory includes *The Whims* of

Cupid, The Dancing School, La Sylphide, Napoli, Romeo and Juliet, Night Shadow, Apollon Musagetes, Serenade, Fanfare, Miss Julie, The Moon Kindeer, Blood Wedding, Carmen, Peter and the Wolf, The Shadow (Bartholin), *La Dame aux Camélias, Festa*.

NERVI (Genoa): Company directed by Leonide Massine, July 8 to 28.

July 8-10: Decameron

13-14: Il Barbiere di Siviglia

16-17: Les Sylphides, Bal des Voleurs, Scheherazade

22-14: Cimarosiana, Choreauium, Le Beau Danube

DUBROVNIK: July 10-August 24. The Serbian Folk Dance Company from Belgrade. The Croatian Folk Dance Ensemble from Zagreb. The Macedonian Folk Dancers from Skopje.

BAALBECK (Lebanon): July 16, 17, Beryl Grey and partner with Son et Lumière; August 7-14, Lebanese Folklore Group

EDINBURGH: at the Empire Theatre THE ROYAL BALLET

August

22-24: Danses Concertantes, Le Basier de la Fée, Petrushka.

25-27: Ballabile, La Peri, or Raymonda, Prince of the Pagodas (Act 3)

29-31 SUSANA AND JOSE.

September

2-3 THE LITTLE BALLET TROUPE OF INDIA

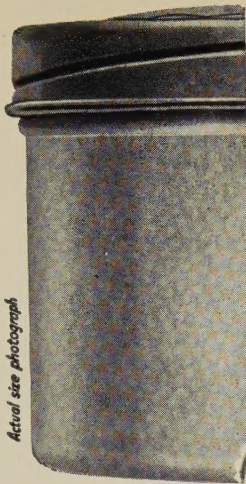
BALLET EUROPEEN Massine's Nervi Company

5-7 Schéhérazade, Choreauium, Le Beau Danube

8-10 Commedia Umana (Decameron)

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